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THE
LANDSCAPE,
A
DIDACTIC POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

ADDRESSED TO UVEDALE PRICE, ESQ.

BY R. P. KNIGHT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

*with an Appendix
& a postscript
with three Engravings*

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO.
Shakspeare Printing-Office:
AND SOLD BY G. NICOL,
PALL-MALL.
1795.



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE reference to an unprinted work of Mr. Repton's, in the note to v. 159 of the first book, was made in the preceding edition without any explanation or apology, because the author conceived the work to have been fairly before the public; and as he only meant to expose the absurdity of a principle of picturesque improvement, or landscape gardening, publicly professed, by a public professor of that art, he did not imagine that he was giving any just grounds for particular enmity, or general censure. He finds, however, that a great clamour has been raised against him for quoting a private manuscript, for the purpose of criticising it;* and what is still more important, for quoting it incorrectly, and consequently unfairly.†

As to the first of these accusations, the author thinks it wholly groundless; because, in his opinion, the work

* Monthly Review, May, 1794.

† Advertisement in the Times, signed H. Repton; and published immediately after this Poem. Also Mr. Repton's Letter to Mr. Price, p. 8.

quoted was completely published, though not printed; it having been sold to the gentleman whose place was the subject of it; and afterwards exposed in a bookseller's shop, as the specimen of a more extensive work, for which subscriptions were there received. In this situation, the author cannot but think it as fair an object of public animadversion as any picture in the Shakspeare Gallery, of which a print has not yet been delivered. Mr. Repton himself, he concluded, had too much knowledge of business, to pretend to any exclusive right of property in a plan or manuscript which he had delivered to another, and received payment for; and it is not without the utmost astonishment that he finds an expression in his Letter to Mr. Price implying the contrary.* If an apology was due to any one, it was to his employer, the owner of the place, and purchaser of the plan and manuscript; but as he had consented to its being placed in a bookseller's shop, to be subscribed for, it seemed to be as fairly and fully laid open to criticism as any one of his family pictures would be, should he place them in the shop of a printseller, and open a public subscription for engravings to be made after them.

As to the second and more important accusation, the

* Page 8.

only way of proving the justice or injustice of it, will be to produce the passage in question ; which was transcribed in the presence of Mr. Nicol the bookseller, to whom the manuscript is entrusted ; and from whom the author, as a subscriber, has a right to claim a copy.

In pointing out the means of giving greatness of character to a place, and showing an undivided extent of property, Mr. Repton has these words : “ The market-house, or other public edifice, or even a *mere stone with distances*, may bear the arms of the family ; or the same arms may be the sign of the principal inn in the place.”

By a *mere stone with distances*, the author of the Landscape certainly thought that he meant a milestone : but if he did not, any other interpretation which he may think more advantageous to himself shall readily be adopted, as it will equally answer the purpose of the quotation.—Even if he chooses to say, that he meant nothing by this stone, it shall be allowed ; since either of his other instances, the *public edifice*, or *the inn*, will do equally well. So far from intentionally *misquoting*, in order to ridicule him, as he has thought proper to insinuate,* the author took the instance, and employed the interpretation, which he thought the least ridiculous.

* Letter to Mr. Price, page 8.

As for any other censures that have been passed upon him in reviews, magazines, &c. he shall take no notice of them; as they are critical, and not moral, and affect him only as an author, and not as a man. If his work is good, all that they can say against it will not make it bad; and if it is bad, all that he or his friends can say for it will not make it good. It is before the tribunal of the public, whose judgment will be, as it always has been sooner or later, uniformly just. Misrepresentation and abuse he of course expected, when he presumed to attack a system of public embellishment, so lucrative to those who make a trade of it; for he was not unacquainted with the sympathy that exists between mercantile improvers and mercantile writers. The misrepresentation indeed he might have been tempted to obviate, by giving a more detailed explanation of what he thinks the true principles of picturesque improvement of grounds, had not this been already done, in a very masterly manner, by the friend to whom this work is addressed. To his Essay on the subject he therefore refers the dissatisfied reader; expressing at the same time his entire approbation of the general system of picturesque improvement, which is there so happily enforced and illustrated; however he may differ in some particulars,

belonging rather to philosophical theory, than to practical taste.

Such theories are mere corroborative illustrations, which do not directly affect the main question, of what is, or what is not good taste? this, after all, must depend upon the general feelings of mankind; and all that the theorist can do, is to remove their acquired prejudices and corrupt habits, so that they may let those feelings act fairly and impartially. The different understandings of different men, will of course employ different kinds of argument, and follow different modes of illustration, though they agree in the point to be proved. As in morals, one may found his principles in fitness or propriety, another in general sympathy, and another in the immediate operation of providence, or efficient grace; at the same time that all exactly agree in what is right or wrong. So in taste, one may found his principles in a division of the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful; and another, in a certain unison of sympathy and harmony of causes and effects; at the same time that both agree in what is, or is not good taste, and approve or disapprove the same objects. To ascertain and extend this good taste in the art on which he has written, is the sole wish of the author upon the subject; and he

is no farther anxious for the truth or reputation of his theory of visible beauty, than as it may contribute to that end.

As for what has been asserted, of his preferring *the opposite extremes of a Siberian desert and a Dutchman's garden, to the grounds of Blenheim, Stowe, or Burleigh*,* it is a misrepresentation so monstrous as to need no reply; it being contradicted by almost every line of his poem: but if preferring the rich and natural scenes of Windsor or New Forest to the shaven parks and gardens of either of those places, be a proof of *immaturity of taste, and want of practical ideas on the subject of landscape gardening*, he must submit to the imputation; and hopes that he shall continue equally deserving of it: he is also equally ready to avow and glory in whatever error or misconception there may be in preferring, immediately round a house, the terraces, steps, and balustrades, (which were borrowed, not from Dutch gardens, but from the Italian villas represented in the pictures of Claude and Gaspar) to the smooth lawns and prim shrubberies, which have succeeded them. Under the sanction of such authority, and with the advantage of more extensive observation, and more real experience

* Monthly Review, *ibid.*

than have fallen to the lot of any professed practitioner in this country, he has expressed his opinions with confidence and decision; and though that has been made a pretext for condemning them, he has the satisfaction to find that they have already been so far successful in stopping the progress of the present system of shaving and levelling, as to account for the virulence and acrimony with which they have been treated by those who are interested in promoting it.

As for the very bungling attempt that has been made to ridicule them in a sort of doggerel ode, called the *Sketch from the Landscape*, he only notices it to assure the author of it, that the apprehensions expressed in the postscript, of giving him any serious offence by such a performance, are wholly groundless; such ribaldry always carrying its own apology with it.—It belongs to the nature of the animal, and therefore to be angry at it is folly. Pity or contempt it may indeed excite, but can do no serious injury to any but the real or reputed authors of it.

One insinuation, however, even in this contemptible publication, cannot pass unnoticed. Mr. Mason's *English Garden* is said to have been pillaged to decorate the *Landscape*, without any acknowledgment having been

made for the flowers stolen :* unfortunately the author of the latter poem has never read the former ; nor did he, at the time of writing, recollect its existence, though he now remembers to have heard it spoken of, some

* To those critics who are fond of showing their sagacity in discoveries of this kind, the perusal of the following observations of Dr. Johnson is earnestly recommended.

“ Among the innumerable practices by which interest or envy have taught those who live upon literary fame to disturb each other at their airy banquets, one of the most common is the charge of plagiarism. When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be revered ; and the excellence which we cannot obscure, may be set at such a distance as not to overpower our fainter lustre.

“ This accusation is dangerous, because, even when it is false, it may be sometimes urged with probability. Bruyere declares, that we are come into the world too late to produce any thing new, that nature and life are pre-occupied, and that description and sentiment have been long exhausted. It is indeed certain, that whoever attempts any common topic, will find unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with those of other writers ; nor can the nicest judgment always distinguish accidental similitude from artful imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of transition, which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which produce the resemblance generally observable among contemporaries. So that in books which best deserve the name of originals, there is little new beyond the disposition of materials already provided ; the same

years before, with that commendation which is due to every production of the chaste and classical pen of Mr. Mason: let not, however, the candid reader suppose that he makes this confession through any affected or fastidious refinement; on the contrary, he considers it

ideas and combinations of ideas have been long in the possession of other hands; and by restoring to every man his own, as the Romans must have returned to their cots from the possession of the world, so the most inventive and fertile genius would reduce his folios to a few pages. Yet the author who imitates his predecessors, only by furnishing himself with thoughts and elegancies out of the same general magazine of literature, can with little more propriety be reproached as a plagiarist, than the architect can be censured as a mean copier of Angelo or Wren, because he digs his marble from the same quarry, squares his stones by the same art, and unites them in columns of the same order.

“ Many subjects fall under the consideration of an author, which being limited by nature can admit only of slight and accidental diversities. All definitions of the same thing must be nearly the same; and descriptions, which are definitions of a more lax and fanciful kind, must always have in some degree that resemblance to each other which they all have to their object. Different poets describing the spring or the sea would mention the zephyrs and the flowers, the billows and the rocks; reflecting on human life, they would, without any communication of opinions, lament the deceitfulness of hope, the fugacity of pleasure, the fragility of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and for palliatives of these incurable miseries, they would concur in recommending kindness, temperance, caution, and fortitude.”

as an instance of culpable negligence, for which he has no better excuse to offer than the solitary retirement in which he then lived, and his habits of study, which have led him to a more general and familiar acquaintance with ancient than with modern literature.

That the followers and imitators of the late Mr. Brown should think him a *very great man*, is very natural. The auctioneer in the comedy thinks his predecessor, Mr. Prigg, the greatest man that ever was, or ever will be;* and when such *great men* are treated with contempt, the indignation of their *little admirers* is naturally excited. This, the author of *the Sketch* tells us,

——in celeres iambos
misit furentem.——

And as we all know,

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

It is, however, to be lamented that *indignation* has now lost all its poetical fire and spirit; as the following stanza, one of the least bad in the poem, and containing a very just account of the author and his work, will sufficiently prove:

“ Thus, doughty Knight, from thy rich theme
I hope I’ve nicely skimm’d the cream;

* See Foote’s Minor.

(*I'm a mere literary Scrub:**)

What a rare dish for cognoscenti!

So, sirs, I'll here present ye

With a whipt syllabub." *Sketch*, p. 20.

This, the author tells us in his postscript, is *sportive irony*, and *jeu d'esprit*; by which he probably means *sportive wit*. It is well that he has defined it, or his readers might chance to have taken it for blundering dullness vainly attempting wit, and producing nonsense.

Having thus given a specimen of an adversary's satire, it may perhaps be allowable, without incurring the imputation of excessive arrogance or vanity, to add a specimen, in a very different style, of a friend's panegyric; which, as it contains not only an approbation, but a very happy illustration of the system of improvement here recommended, may be considered as a part of the present work; the whole of which, the reader will probably wish, had been executed by the same masterly hand.

* Correctness of metaphor is not to be expected from a writer of this class; but surely he might have known that the business of a *Scrub* is to sweep the dirt, and not skim the cream. But,

Quand la rime enfin se trouve au bout des vers,
Qu'importe que le reste y soit mis de travers?

Whoe'er thy classic poem, Knight, hath read,
Where truth, and taste, and harmony, combine;
Where native sense, by manly science fed,
Speaks the full mind in every nervous line;
Must hail, with patriot joy, the approaching hour,
When trammell'd nature shall again be free;
Shall spurn the dull improver's pedant power,
And burst luxuriant into liberty.
So in thy favourite bard's immortal lays,
Bounds the fleet courser to the well known plain;
Exulting, in the wanton current plays,
High lifts his head, and waves his flowing mane:
His flowing mane, by barbarous art unshorn,
Floats on a neck by no rude yoke oppress'd;
While nature's beauties all his limbs adorn,
And conscious freedom swells his ample chest.
O liberty and nature, kindred powers,
Shed on this favour'd isle your genial beams!
Arch our high groves, and weave our tangled bowers,
Pile our rude rocks, and wind our lucid streams!

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Yet not to sylvan scenes alone confined,
Or on one favour'd spot, be felt your sway:
Exalt the nobler energies of mind,
And pour o'er all the globe your intellectual day.

EDW. WINNINGTON.

THE LANDSCAPE.

BOOK I.

How best to bid the verdant Landscape rise,
To please the fancy, and delight the eyes ;
Its various parts in harmony to join
With art clandestine, and conceal'd design ;
To adorn, arrange ;—to separate, and select 5
With secret skill, and counterfeit neglect ;
I sing.—Do thou, O Price, the song attend ;
Instruct the poet, and assist the friend :
Teach him plain truth in numbers to express,
And shew its charms through fiction's flowery dress. 10

For as the doctor's wig, and pomp of face,
Announce his knowledge of the patient's case,
And harmless drugs, roll'd in a gilded pill,
From fancy get the power to cure or kill ;
So our poor palliatives may chance to acquire 15
Some fame or favour from their gay attire ;

And learn to cure or kill that strange disease,
 Which gives deformity the power to please ;
 And shews poor Nature, shaven and defaced,
 To gratify the jaundiced eye of taste. 20

Whether the scene extends o'er wide domains,
 Or lurks, confined, in low sequester'd plains ;
 Whether it decks the baron's gorgeous seat,
 Or humbly cheers the rustic's snug retreat ;
 Whether it shews, from yon' high mountain's brow, 25
 The water'd meads and fertile fields below ;
 Or, deep retired in solitude and shade,
 It bounds its prospect to some narrow glade ;
 Whether it leads aloft the aching sight
 To view the craggy cliff's tremendous height ; 30
 Or, by the murmuring rivulet's shady side,
 Delights to shew the curling waters glide,
 Beneath reflected rocks, or antique towers,
 Amidst o'ershadowing trees, or lightly tufted flowers ;
 'Tis still one principle through all extends, 35
 And leads through different ways to different ends.

Whate'er its essence, or whate'er its name,
 Whate'er its modes, 'tis still, in all, the same :
 'Tis just congruity of parts combined
 To please the sense, and satisfy the mind. 40

In form of limb and character of face,
 We call the magic combination, *grace* ;
 That grace which springs from an unfetter'd mind,
 Which rules the body, free and unconfined ;
 Where native energy and native sense 45
 Through every part their vivid power dispense ;—
 In each strong feature beam ecstatic fire.
 Brace every nerve and every limb inspire :—
 Limbs that were never taught to move by rules,
 But free alike from bandages and schools ; 50
 Uncramp'd by labour hard, or dire disease,
 Nor swoln by sloth, intemperance, and ease.—
 Such as on Apalachean mountains stray,
 And dare the panther, growling for his prey ;
 Or o'er the craggy summits lightly bound, 55
 And chase the deer before the panting hound.

v. 53. It has been frequently observed by travellers, that the attitudes of savages are in general graceful and spirited; and the great artist who now so worthily fills the President's chair in the Royal Academy, assured me, that when he first saw the Apollo of the Belvidere, he was extremely struck with its resemblance to some of the Mohawk warriors whom he had seen in America. The case is, that the Mohawks act immediately from the impulse of their minds, and know no acquired restraints or affected habits.

Or rather such as oft, in days of yore,
 Display'd their vigour on Alphéus' shore;
 When science, taste, and liberty, combined
 To raise the fancy and enrich the mind; 60
 And each free body moved, without control,
 Spontaneous with the dictates of its soul.

Such were the forms which rose to Phidias' view,
 When from his chisel Jove's dread image grew;
 Sublimely awful, as the sovereign god 65
 Who shakes the earth's foundations with his nod;
 Who bids the seasons still progressive roll,
 And spread their blessings round from pole to pole;

v. 57. The state of society in Greece was such that it afforded the artist the advantages of savage, joined to those of civilized life; and in the games and public exercises, exhibited the most perfect models of strength and agility in men of high rank and liberal education, whose elevation of mind gave a dignity of expression to every act and gesture of their bodies.

v. 63. The colossal statue of Jupiter, which Phidias made for the temple at Olympia, held a Sceptre in one hand, and a Victory in the other, while the Seasons appeared to move round its head. The artist acknowledged himself indebted for the grand expression of the countenance to the following lines of Homer.

Η, και κυανησιν επ' οφρυσι νευσε Κρονιων
 Αμβροσiai δ' αρα χαιται επερρωσαντο ανακτος,
 Κρατος απ' αθανατοιο· μεγαν δελελιξεν Ολυμπον.

IL. A. 528.

Such too the Sicyonian sculptor taught
To model motion, and imbody thought; 70

v. 69. Lysippus of Sicyon added the last refinements of elegance to the art of sculpture. He observed that *the old statuary made men as they were, and he, as they seemed to be* (ab illos factos, quales essent, homines: a se, quales viderentur esse. Plin. l. xxxiv. c. 19.) It is much to be regretted that we have not the original Greek of this curious and singular expression extant; as it is somewhat equivocally, and, probably, imperfectly recorded in the concise Latin of Pliny; who scarcely knew enough of art to feel its force, or comprehend its meaning. The great artist appears to have been so thoroughly master of the human frame, that he could represent all its actions and positions in *the abstract*; without referring to individual models; and thus to allow for the errors of vision, and the difference between *real* and *visible* perspective; or rather, the difference of perspective in objects as they appear to the eye only, and as they appear to the eye corrected by the understanding. This difference may at any time be discovered and ascertained, by tracing a figure, with projecting parts, through a plate of glass, or other transparent substance. In such a traced drawing, the lineal perspective must necessarily be correct; but nevertheless the projections will become much larger in it, than they appear to the eye in the object from which it was taken; because the mind, knowing their real size from the evidence of another sense, corrects the sight in a manner so habitually instantaneous, as to be quite imperceptible. Hence some degree of real incorrectness is always necessary to produce apparent precision; and as the Greek artists worked much less mechanically than the moderns, they were the more likely to sacrifice the means to the end. All their finest efforts were employed in representing those momentary actions and expressions,

Pure abstract beauty's fleeting shades to trace,
 And fix the image of ideal grace:
 Combining what he felt with what he saw;
 And penetrating nature's inmost law:
 To no one single model stiffly bound, 75
 But boldly ranging all creation round,
 He made his breathing figures light and free,
Not as men were, but as they seem'd to be.

Curse on the pedant jargon, that defines
 Beauty's unbounded forms to given lines! 80
 With scorn eternal mark the cautious fool,
 Who dares not judge till he consults his rule!
 Who, when strong passions shake the actor's frame,
 And all his soul has catch'd the Poet's flame,

for which no stationary model could be found; wherefore they were obliged to work as much from their minds, as their eyes; and to employ such means as were most certain of producing the intended effects, without considering whether or not they were precisely the same as those which nature employs to produce such effects. Hence in some of the finest specimens of art now extant (particularly the Apollo of the Belvidere) partial inaccuracies, even when apparent, contribute to the general correctness of the action and expression. This was probably the case with the works of Lysippus; and may account for the remark above cited, which an artist of his fire would naturally think a sufficient answer to the impertinent observations of those critics, who measured his works, instead of looking at them.

Thinks but of rhetoric's phlegmatic laws, 85
 And with his stop-watch measures every pause:
 Or when, Salvator, from thy daring hand
 Appears, in burnish'd arms, some savage band,—
 Each figure boldly pressing into life,
 And breathing blood, calamity, and strife; 90
 Should coldly measure each component part,
 And judge thy genius by a surgeon's art:
 Or else, where Rembrandt, through some darken'd room,
 Spreads his soft tints, and animates the gloom,
 Refuse to admire the sweetly blended light, 95
 Till some optician had pronounced it right.

Such formal coxcombs let us still defy,
 And dare be pleased, although we know not why.
 Not that I'd check the careful student's toil;
 For culture's needful to the happiest soil: 100
 All art, by labour, slowly is acquired;—
 The madman only fancies 'tis inspired.
 The vain, rash upstart, thinks he can create,
 Ere yet his hand has learn'd to imitate;
 While senseless dash and random flourish try 105
 The place of skill and freedom to supply.
 But when the master's hand, in wanton play,
 Presumes beyond precision's bounds to stray,

Light, bold, and steady, as his pencil flies,
 Small partial errors sink before our eyes : 110
 His glowing touch, elastic, strong, and free,
 Still shews us Nature *as she seems to be* ;
 And with expression, just in every part,
 Appeals from sense directly to the heart.

Even forms of molten brass, and sculptured stone 115
 Have learn'd this magic power of art to own ;
 For though the sculptor's hand advances slow,
 And no free touches from the chisel flow ;
 Yet Science, led by Genius, has supplied
 What Nature's self appear'd to have denied. 120

When sudden poisons freeze Laocoon's veins,
 The skin seems curdled with convulsive pains ;

v. 111. See note on v. 69.

v. 121. The group of Laocoon and his sons, in the Cortile of the Belvedere, is the work of Agesander, Polidorus, and Athenodorus of Rhodes ; and is mentioned by Pliny as the most consummate piece of art extant in his time (*opus omnibus et picturæ et statuariæ artis præponendum*. Lib. xxxvi. c. 4.) Happily the surface is perfectly preserved : otherwise the excellence here alluded to would have been lost.

Virgil has evidently taken his description of the death of Laocoon from this group ; but he has grossly misunderstood, and miserably debased the sublime ideas of the Greek sculptors, in making the suffering hero to roar out, when bitten by the serpent, as a bull roars when stricken by the sacrificer.—

The nerves contracted, even in marble rise,
 And the last rays seem quivering in his eyes;
 Yet view the wonder with attention near, 125
 And the rough touches of the tool appear
 Impress'd with seeming ease and bold neglect,
 But placed with care, and labour'd for effect.

When Delphi's god advances o'er the plain,
 And views, triumphant, the dire serpent slain; 130
 Though symmetry in parts neglected lies,
 The whole displays the godhead to our eyes;
 Lightly the elastic marble seems to tread,
 And trace the unerring shaft his hand has sped:
 While scorn celestial rises in his face, 135
 Attemper'd sweet, with more than mortal grace;

Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit;

Qualis mugitus, fugit quum saucius aram

Taurus.——

ÆN. ii. 222.

In the marble, the breast is expanded, and the throat contracted, to shew that the agonies which convulse the frame are borne in silence.

v. 129. In the statue of Apollo, in the same Cortile of the Belvidere, the left shoulder, which is raised, is farther from the neck than the right, which is fallen. An inaccuracy so gross, in a work of such masterly excellence, must have been intended; and, I believe, the wonderful expression of lightness, movement, and agility, which distinguishes this figure, is considerably augmented by it.

From every sordid, earthly passion free,
And feeling only as a deity.

In humbler art the self same laws obtain:

Nature in all rejects the pedant's chain; 140

Which binding beauty in its waving line,

Destroys the charm it vainly would define;

For nature, still irregular and free,

Acts not by lines, but general sympathy.

The path that moves in even serpentine, 145

Is still less natural than the pointed line:

When o'er the level lawn you chance to stray,

Nature and taste direct the nearest way;

v. 148. By the nearest way, I do not mean a path or road, traced accurately in a straight line by rule and measure; but the way which any person, walking or riding at his ease, would naturally and accidentally take in going from one given point to another. This is expressed, I think, with tolerable accuracy here; but is further explained in v. 213, &c. so fully, that I cannot attribute the misinterpretation of it to want of intellect, so much as to want of candour; notwithstanding that the general tenour of the performance, to which I am indebted for it, may make either motive probable. In forming that which is to please the eye, my maxim has always been, that we should be guided by the eye; for lines traced by rule and measure, whether straight or curved, will always be stiff and formal. An anatomical print, made in that way, may represent a human body in the same attitude, and with more precision, than a painter's etching; but as it displays, even in that precision, the

But when you traverse rough uneven ground,
 Consult your ease, and you will oft go round: 150
 The best of rules are those of common use;
 Affected taste is but refined abuse.

mind and hand of a mechanic, we never consider it as a work of taste, or expect to derive from it any of the gratifications belonging to the elegant productions of liberal art. Straight lines were the fashion of the last century, and curved ones are the fashion of this; and an indiscriminate adherence to the fashion of the day, whatever it happens to be, with a supercilious contempt for all who venture to dissent from it, is the never failing characteristic of the vanity, separated from the feeling or discernment, of taste. The advocate for curve lines would have been as much ridiculed in the last century, as the advocate for straight ones in this; and (whatever conceit and ignorance may say against the taste of our ancestors) with equal reason; for the indiscriminate use of either is equally bad. Many of the compositions of Nicolas Poussin show the grand effects which may be produced by a judicious use of straight lines; and in some instances our old avenues accorded very happily with the style of the buildings to which they led, as well as with that of the country which surrounded them; but the too general use of them was still more fatal to picturesque beauty, than the late senseless destruction of them has been. It belongs to the real improver to discriminate where the straight, and where the curve line will best suit the composition; and it is this talent of discrimination which distinguishes the liberal artist from the mechanic. No general rule of embellishment can be applicable to all the varieties of natural situation; and those who adopt such general rules, may be more properly said *to improve by accident*, than either Mr. Price or myself.

First fix the points to which you wish to go ;
 Then let your easy path spontaneous flow ;
 With no affected turn or artful bend, 155
 To lead you round still farther from the end :
 For, as the principle of taste is sense,
 Whate'er is void of meaning gives offence.

“ But in your grand approach,” the critic cries,
 “ Magnificence requires some sacrifice:— 160
 “ As you advance unto the palace gate,
 “ Each object should announce the owner's state ;

v. 159. That I may not be supposed to deal unfairly with the modern improvers of places, or landscape gardeners, I must inform the reader, that I have taken this passage from one, who will be readily and universally allowed to be the most skilful and eminent among them. Mr. Repton, in his plan for improving Tatton park, in Cheshire, with which he means to favour the public in the general collection of his works, and in which he has professedly detailed the principles of his art, suggests many expedients for shewing the extent of property, and among others, that of placing the family arms upon the neighbouring mile-stones; but as difficulties might arise among the trustees of the turnpikes, who might each wish to have his own arms on some particular stone, I flatter myself that the more direct and explicit means of gratifying purse-proud vanity which I here propose, may not be thought unworthy of the attention of those improvers, who make this gratification the object of their labours.

“ His vast possessions, and his wide domains ;

“ His waving woods, and rich unbounded plains.”

He, therefore, leads you many a tedious round, 165

To shew the extent of his employer's ground ;

Climbs o'er the hills, and to the vales descends ;

Then mounts again, through lawn that never ends.

But why not rather, at the porter's gate,

Hang up the map of all my lord's estate, 170

Than give his hungry visitors the pain

To wander o'er so many miles in vain ?

For well we know this sacrifice is made,

Not to his taste, but to his vain parade ;

And all it does, is but to shew combined 175

His wealth in land, and poverty in mind.

The best approach to every beauteous scene,

Is where it's least expected or foreseen ;

Where nought occurs to anticipate surprise,

Or bring the Landscape piecemeal to the eyes: 180

For as bright tints of yellow, blue, or red,

In gay confusion o'er the pallet spread,

May please the infant ; but until combined,

Afford no pleasure to the experienced mind ;

So beauteous objects, unconnected seen, 185

Where wide blank spaces ever intervene,

Materials for the Landscape may supply,
 And, dazzling, please the rude unskilful eye;
 Which wild variety with zeal pursues,
 And still is pleased the more, the more it views: 190
 But cautiously will taste its stores reveal;
 Its greatest art is aptly to conceal;
 To lead, with secret guile, the prying sight
 To where component parts may best unite,
 And form one beauteous, nicely blended whole, 195
 To charm the eye and captivate the soul.

As he who shines supreme in every art,
 That guides the taste, or elevates the heart;
 Whose genius, like the sun, serenely bright,
 From unknown sources beams eternal light; 200
 And though successive ages roll away,
 Systems on systems triumph and decay,
 Empires on empires in oblivion fall,
 And ruin spread alternate over all;

v. 197. The unadorned simplicity with which Homer begins his poems, has been always so universally admired, that I wonder it has not been imitated in all other works of taste and genius. In building, and what is called landscape gardening, it has not only been neglected, but studiously avoided; though, in reality, more important in augmenting the effect, and progressively interesting the attention, than in poetry.



Drawn by T. H. Moore.

N^o 1.

Engr. by D. T. Pouncey.



Drawn by T. Hearne

Nº 2

Engr. by B. J. Poncey

Still lives unclouded in perpetual day, 205
 And darts through realms unborn his intellectual ray :
 As he, in plain undecorated lines,
 Just hints the subject of his vast designs ;
 But leaves the mighty scenes that crowd behind
 To rush at once upon the hearer's mind : 210
 So let the approach and entrance to your place
 Display no glitter, and affect no grace ;
 But still in careless easy curves proceed,
 Through the rough thicket or the flowery mead ;
 Till bursting from some deep-imbowered shade, 215
 Some narrow valley, or some opening glade,

v. 215, and 221. Compare the same scene in plates I. and II.; in the latter dressed in the modern style, and in the former, undressed. That my representation of the effects of both may be perfectly fair, I have chosen the commonest English scenery; and that I might not be supposed to take advantage of any tricks of light and shadow in favour of my own system, I have given mere engraver's etchings, which have no pretension to effect. The engraver has indeed rather favoured that which I condemn, by giving more breadth, in the little light and shadow that there is, to the second plate than to the first.

It has been malignantly and mischievously insinuated, that these etchings were given with no other intention than that of burlesquing Mr. Repton's unpublished drawings; and even, that they have been etched from his designs. (See Monthly Review, May, 1794.) As both these insinuations are utterly

Well mix'd and blended in the scene, you shew
 The stately mansion rising to the view.
 But mix'd and blended, ever let it be
 A mere component part of what you see. 220
 For if in solitary pride it stand,
 'Tis but a lump, encumbering the land,
 A load of inert matter, cold and dead,
 The excrescence of the lawns that round it spread.
 Component parts in all the eye requires: 225
 One formal mass for ever palls and tires.
 To make the Landscape grateful to the sight,
 Three points of distance always should unite;
 And howsoe'er the view may be confined,
 Three mark'd divisions we shall always find: 230
 Not more, where Claude extends his prospect wide,
 O'er Rome's Campania to the Tyrrhene tide,
 (Where towers and temples, mouldering to decay,
 In pearly air appear to die away,
 And the soft distance, melting from the eye, 235
 Dissolves its forms into the azure sky),

false, I cannot but think them as complimentary to myself, as they are severely sarcastic upon that gentleman and his drawings; though I will do the author the justice to believe that he meant them to be exactly the reverse.

Than where, confined to some sequester'd rill,
 Meek Hobbima presents the village mill:—
 Not more, where great Salvator's mountains rise,
 And hide their craggy summits in the skies; 240
 While towering clouds in whirling eddies roll,
 And bursting thunders seem to shake the pole;
 Than in the ivy'd cottage of Ostade,
 Waterloe's copse, or Rysdael's low cascade.

Though oft o'erlook'd, the parts which are most near
 Are ever found of most importance here; 246
 For though in nature oft the wandering eye
 Roams to the distant fields, and skirts the sky,
 Where curiosity its look invites,
 And space, not beauty, spreads out its delights; 250
 Yet in the picture all delusions cease,
 And only nature's genuine beauties please;
 The composition ranged in order true,
 Brings every object fairly to the view;
 And, as the field of vision is confined, 255
 Shews all its parts collected to the mind.
 Yet often still the eye disgusted sees
 In nature, objects which in painting please;

v. 257 to 270 inclusive, have been added since the first edition.

It is now, I believe, generally admitted, that the system of picturesque

Such as the rotting shed, or fungous tree,
 Or tatter'd rags of age and misery: 260
 But here restrain'd, the powers of mimic art
 The pleasing qualities alone impart;
 For nought but light and colour can the eye,
 But through the medium of the mind, descry;
 And oft, in filth and tatter'd rags, it views 265
 Soft varied tints and nicely blended hues,
 Which thus abstracted from each other sense,
 Give pure delight, and please without offence:
 But small attention these exceptions claim;
 In general, art and nature love the same. 270

improvement, employed by the late Mr. Brown and his followers, is the very reverse of picturesque; all subjects for painting instantly disappearing as they advance; whence an ingenious professor, who has long practised under the title of *Landscape Gardener*, has suddenly changed his ground; and taking advantage of a supposed distinction between the picturesque and the beautiful, confessed that his art was never intended to produce landscapes, but some kind of *neat, simple, and elegant effects*, or non-descript beauties, which have not yet been named or classed. (See Letter to Mr. Price, p. 9.) “*A beautiful garden scene*,” he says, “*is not more defective because it would not look well on canvas, than a didactic poem, because it neither furnishes a subject for the painter or the musician.*” (Ibid. p. 5 and 6.) Certainly not:—for such a poem must be void of imagery and melody; and therefore more exactly resembling one of this professor’s improved places than he probably imagined

Hence then we learn, in real scenes, to trace
The tints of beauty, and the forms of grace;

when he made the comparison. It may, indeed, have all the *neatness, simplicity, and elegance of English gardening* (ibid. p. 9.); but it will also have its vapid and tiresome insipidity; and, however it may be esteemed by a professor or a critic, who judge every thing by rule and measure, will make no impression on the generality of readers, whose taste is guided by their feelings.

I cannot, however, but think that the distinction, of which this ingenious professor has thus taken advantage, is an imaginary one, and that the picturesque is merely that kind of beauty which belongs exclusively to the sense of vision; or to the imagination, guided by that sense. It must always be remembered in inquiries of this kind, that the eye, unassisted, perceives nothing but light variously graduated and modified: black objects are those which totally absorb it, and white those which entirely reflect it; and all the intermediate shades and colours are the various degrees in which it is partially absorbed or impeded, and the various modes in which it is reflected and refracted. Smoothness, or harmony of surface, is to the touch what harmony of colour is to the eye; and as the eye has learnt by habit to perceive form as instantaneously as colour, we perpetually apply terms belonging to the sense of touch to objects of sight; and while they relate only to *perception*, we are guilty of no impropriety in so doing: but we should not forget that *perception* and *sensation* are quite different; the one being an operation of the mind, and the other an impression on the organs; and that therefore, when we speak of the pleasures and pains of each, we ought to keep them quite separate, as belonging to different classes, and governed by different laws.

Where men agree in facts, almost all their disputes concerning inferences arise from a confusion of terms; no language being sufficiently copious and

To lop redundant parts, the coarse refine,
Open the crowded, and the scanty join.

accurate to afford a distinct expression for every discrimination necessary to be made in a philosophical inquiry, not guided by the certain limits of number and quantity; and vulgar use having introduced a mixture of literal and metaphorical meanings so perplexing, that people perpetually use words without attaching any precise meaning to them whatever. This is peculiarly the case with the word *beauty*, which is employed sometimes to signify that congruity and proportion of parts, which in composition pleases the understanding; sometimes those personal charms, which excite animal desires between the sexes; and sometimes those harmonious combinations of colours and smells, which make grateful impressions upon the visual or olfactory nerves. It often happens too, in the laxity of common conversation or desultory writing, that the word is used without any pointed application to either, but with a mere general and indistinct reference to what is any ways pleasing.

This confusion has been still more confounded, by its having equally prevailed in all the terms applied to the constituent properties both of beauty and ugliness. We call a still clear piece of water, surrounded by shaven banks, and reflecting white buildings, or other brilliant objects that stand near it, *smooth*, because we *perceive* its surface to be smooth and even, though the impression, which all these harsh and edgy reflections of light produce on the eye, is analogous to that which roughness produces on the touch; and is often so violently irritating, that we cannot bear to look at it for any long time together. In the same manner we call an agitated stream, flowing between broken and sedgy banks, and indistinctly reflecting the waving foliage that hangs over it, *rough*; because we know, from habitual observation, that its impression on the eye is produced by uneven surfaces; at the same time that

But, ah! in vain:—See yon fantastic band, 275
 With charts, pedometers, and rules in hand,

the impression itself is all of softness and harmony; and analogous to what the most grateful and nicely varied smoothness would be to the touch. This is the case with all smooth animals, whose forms being determined by marked outlines, and the surfaces of whose skins producing strong reflections of light, have an effect on the eye corresponding to what irritating roughness has upon the touch; while the coats of animals which are rough and shaggy, by partly absorbing the light, and partly softening it by a mixture of tender shadows, and thus connecting and blending it with that which proceeds from surrounding objects, produce an effect on the eye similar to that which an undulated and gently varied smoothness affords to the touch. The same analogy prevails between shaven lawns and tufted pastures, dressed parks and shaggy forests, neat buildings and mouldering walls, &c. &c. as far as they affect the senses only. In all, our landscape gardeners seem to work for the touch rather than the sight.

When harmony, either in colour or surface becomes absolute unity, it sinks into what, in sound, we call monotony; that is, its impression is so languid and unvaried, that it produces no further irritation on the organ than what is necessary for mere *perception*; which, though never totally free from either pleasure or pain, is so nearly neutral, that by a continuation it grows tiresome; that is, it leaves the organ to a sensation of mere existence, which seems in itself to be painful.

If colours are so harsh and contrasted, or the surface of a tangible object so pointed or uneven, as to produce a stronger or more varied impression than the organ is adapted to bear, the irritation becomes painful in proportion to its degree, and ultimately tends to its dissolution.

Advance triumphant, and alike lay waste
The forms of nature, and the works of taste!

Between these extremes lies that grateful medium of grateful irritation, which produces the sensation of what we call *beauty*; and which in visible objects we call *picturesque beauty*, because painting, by imitating the visible qualities only, discriminates it from the objects of other senses with which it may be combined; and which, if productive of stronger impressions, either of pleasure or disgust, will overpower it; so that a mind not habituated to such discriminations, or (as more commonly expressed,) a person not possessed of a painter's eye, does not discover it till it is separated in the artist's imitation. Rembrandt, Ostade, Teniers, and others of the Dutch painters, have produced the most beautiful pictures, by the most exact imitations of the most ugly and disgusting objects in nature; and yet it is physically impossible that an exact imitation should exhibit qualities not existing in its original; but the case is, that, in the originals, animal disgust, and the nauseating repugnance of appetite, drown and overwhelm every milder pleasure of vision, which a blended variety of mellow and harmonious tints must necessarily produce on the eye, in nature as well as in art, if viewed in both with the same degree of abstracted and impartial attention.

In like manner, properties pleasing to the other senses often exist in objects disgusting or insipid to the eye, and make so strong an impression, that persons who seek only what is generally pleasing, confound their sensations, and imagine a thing beautiful, because they see in it something which gives them pleasure of another kind. I am not inclined, any more than Mr. Repton, *to despise the comforts of a gravel walk, or the delicious fragrance of a shrubbery*; (see his Letter to Mr. Price, p. 18.) neither am I inclined to despise the convenience of a paved street, or the agreeable scent of distilled lavender; but

To improve, adorn, and polish, they profess ;
 But shave the goddess, whom they come to dress ; 280

nevertheless, if the pavier and perfumer were to recommend their works as delicious gratifications for the eye, I might be tempted to treat them both with some degree of ridicule and contempt. Not only the fragrance of shrubs, but the freshness of young grass and green turf, and the coolness of clear water, however their disposition in modern gardens may be adverse to picturesque beauty, and disgusting to the sense of seeing, are things so grateful to the nature of man, that it is impossible to render them wholly disagreeable. Even in painting, where freshness and coolness are happily represented, scenes not distinguished by any beautiful varieties of tints or shadows, please through the medium of the imagination, which instantly conceives the comforts and pleasures which such scenes must afford ; but still, in painting, they never reconcile us to any harsh or glaring discords of colour ; wherefore I have recommended that art as the best criterion of the mere visible beauties of rural scenery, which are all that I have pretended to criticise.

If, however, an improver of grounds chooses to reject this criterion, and to consider picturesque beauty as not belonging to his profession, I have nothing more to do with him ; the objects of our pursuit and investigation being entirely different. All that I beg of him is, that if he takes any *professional title*, it may be one really descriptive of his profession, such as that of *walk maker*, *shrub planter*, *turf cleaner*, or *rural perfumer* ; for if *landscapes* are not what he means to produce, that of *landscape gardener* is one not only of *no mean*, but of *no true pretension*.

As for the beauties of congruity, intricacy, lightness, motion, repose, &c. they belong exclusively to the understanding and imagination ; and though I have slightly noticed them in the text, a full and accurate investigation of

Level each broken bank and shaggy mound,
 And fashion all to one unvaried round;
 One even round, that ever gently flows,
 Nor forms abrupt, nor broken colours knows;
 But, wrapt all o'er in everlasting green, 285
 Makes one dull, vapid, smooth, unvaried scene.

Arise, great poet, and again deplore
 The favourite reeds that deck'd thy Mincius' shore!

them would not only exceed the limits of a note, but of my whole work. The first great obstruction to it is the ambiguity of language, and the difficulty of finding distinct terms to discriminate distinct ideas. The next is the habit which men are in of flying for allusions to the inclination of the sexes towards each other; which, being the strongest of our inclinations, draws all the others into its vortex, and thus becomes the criterion of pleasures, with which it has no further connection than being derived from the same animal functions with the rest. All male animals probably think the females of their own species the most beautiful part of the creation; and in the various and complicated mind of civilized man, this original result of appetite has been so changed and diversified by the various modifications of mental sympathies, social habits, and acquired propensities, that it is impossible to analyze it: it can therefore afford no lights to guide us in exploring the general principles and theory of sensation.

v. 287. —Ingens ubi tardis flexibus errat

Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas. VIRG. GEORG. iii. 14.

See also the 1st Bucolick, where Virgil so pathetically laments the confiscation and distribution among the soldiery of the estates in that country.

Protect the branches, that in Hæmus shed
 Their grateful shadows o'er thy aching head; 290
 Shaved to the brink, our brooks are taught to flow
 Where no obtruding leaves or branches grow;
 While clumps of shrubs bespot each winding vale,
 Open alike to every gleam and gale;
 Each secret haunt, and deep recess display'd, 295
 And intricacy banish'd with its shade.

Hence, hence! thou haggard fiend, however call'd,
 Thin, meagre genius of the bare and bald;
 Thy spade and mattock here at length lay down,
 And follow to the tomb thy favourite Brown: 300
 Thy favourite Brown, whose innovating hand
 First dealt thy curses o'er this fertile land;
 First taught the walk in formal spires to move,
 And from their haunts the secret Dryads drove;
 With clumps bespotted o'er the mountain's side, 305
 And bade the stream 'twixt banks close shaven glide;
 Banish'd the thickets of high-bowering wood,
 Which hung, reflected, o'er the glassy flood;

v. 289

—O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi

Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ.

v. 291. See plate I. in the middle distance, a brook flowing in its natural
 banks; and in plate II. the same brook, with its banks dressed by an improver.

Where screen'd and shelter'd from the heats of day,
 Oft on the moss-grown stone reposed I lay, 310
 And tranquil view'd the limpid stream below,
 Brown with o'erhanging shade, in circling eddies flow.

Dear peaceful scenes, that now prevail no more,
 Your loss shall every weeping muse deplore!
 Your poet, too, in one dear favour'd spot, 315
 Shall shew your beauties are not quite forgot;
 Protect from all the sacrilegious waste
 Of false improvement, and pretended taste,
 One tranquil vale; where oft, from care retired,
 He courts the muse, and thinks himself inspired; 320
 Lulls busy thought and rising hope to rest,
 And checks each wish that dares his peace molest.

Hence, proud ambition's vain delusive joys!
 Hence, worldly wisdom's solemn empty toys!
 Let others seek the senate's loud applause, 325
 And, glorious, triumph in their country's cause!
 Let others, bravely prodigal of breath,
 Go grasp at honour in the jaws of death;—
 Their toils may everlasting glories crown,
 And Heaven record their virtues with its own! 330

Let me, retired from business, toil, and strife,
 Close amidst books and solitude my life;

Beneath yon high-brow'd rocks in thickets rove,
 Or, meditating, wander through the grove ;
 Or, from the cavern, view the noontide beam 335
 Dance on the rippling of the lucid stream,
 While the wild woodbine dangles o'er my head,
 And various flowers around their fragrance spread ;
 Or where, 'midst scatter'd trees, the opening glade
 Admits the well-mix'd tints of light and shade ; 340
 And as the day's bright colours fade away,
 Just shews my devious solitary way :
 While thickening glooms around are slowly spread,
 And glimmering sun-beams gild the mountain's head :
 Then homeward as I sauntering move along, 345
 The nightingale begins his evening song ;
 Chanting a requiem to departed light,
 That smooths the raven down of sable night.
 When morning's orient beams again arise,
 And the day reddens in the eastern skies ; 350
 I hear the cawing rooks salute the dawn,
 High in the oaks which overhang the lawn :
 Perch'd up aloft, the council sits in state,
 And the grove echoes with their loud debate ;
 While various ways the adventurous squadrons fly, 355
 Explore the thickets, and the fallows try ;

Dig up the earth-worms, wrapp'd in spiry folds,
 And drag the embryo beetles from their holds ;
 Till tired with toil, and satiated with prey,
 Again they homeward bend their airy way ; 360
 And boastful celebrate, in clamours loud,
 Their various triumphs to the attending crowd.

Yet e'en these little politicians know
 The ills, that from a social compact flow ;—
 Oft have I seen their guardian trusts betray'd, 365
 And pilfering thieves the wanderer's nest invade ;
 Tear down the long result of all his toil,
 And build their mansions with their neighbour's spoil ;
 Till hosts of friends, assembling in his cause,
 Drive off the plunderers, and assert the laws ; 370
 Whence parties rise, and factions kindle round,
 And wars and tumults through the wood resound.

Here, while I view their feuds of petty strife,
 I learn, unfelt, the ills of public life ;

v. 357. The farmers, when they see the rooks feeding on the fields that are newly sown, are apt to imagine that they are eating the seed-corn, and thence endeavour to destroy them ; whereas they are in reality digging up the worms and slugs, and by that means doing the most essential service. The large white grub with a brown head, which, after lying three years in the ground, becomes the common brown beetle, and which is so destructive to the roots of grass and corn, while in this embryo state, is a favourite food with them ;—whence those insects seldom appear near to rookeries.

And see well acted, in their little state, 375
 All that ambition aims at in the great.

Hail! happy scenes of meditative ease,
 Where pleasure's sense and wisdom is to please:—
 Not such as, in the pastoral poet's strains,
 Fancy spreads o'er imaginary plains; 380
 Where love-sick shepherds, sillier than their sheep,
 In love-sick numbers, full as silly, weep;
 But such as nature's common charms produce
 For social man's delight and common use;
 Form'd to amuse, instruct, and please the mind, 385
 By study polish'd, and by arts refined;
 Arts, whose benignant powers around dispense
 The grace of pleasure, that's approved by sense;
 And, bending nature to their soft control,
 Expand, exalt, and purify the soul. 390

The monk, secluded by his early vow,
 The blessings of retreat can never know:
 Barren of facts and images, his mind
 Can no materials for reflection find;
 Dark rankling passions on his temper prey, 395
 And drive each finer sentiment away;
 Breed foul desires; and in his heart foment
 The secret germs of lurking discontent:

Long weary days and nights successive roll,
 And no bright vision dawns upon his soul; 400
 No gleams of past delight can memory bring,
 To stimulate the flight of fancy's wing:
 In vain, to distant Hope, Religion calls,
 When dark vacuity his mind appalls:—
 Without, a dismal sameness reigns around; 405
 Within, a dreary void is only found.

From mere privation nothing can proceed,
 Nor can the mind digest unless it feed;
 For understanding, like the body, grows
 From food, from exercise, and due repose; 410
 Nor is it nourish'd, by repeating o'er
 What others have repeated oft before;
 Study but methodizes and corrects
 What observation previously collects:
 Train'd by experience, nurtured by retreat, 415
 Reason makes theory and practice meet;
 And onward still, as daring thoughts pursue
 The chain of being, stretch'd from mortal view,
 Bids every passion yield to its control,
 And calm contentment beam upon the soul; 420
 Shews what we are, and all that we can be,
 And makes us feel, that all is vanity.

THE LANDSCAPE.

BOOK II.

OFT when I've seen some lonely mansion stand,
Fresh from the improver's desolating hand,
'Midst shaven lawns, that far around it creep
In one eternal undulating sweep;
And scatter'd clumps, that nod at one another, 5
Each stiffly waving to its formal brother;
Tired with the extensive scene, so dull and bare,
To Heaven devoutly I've address'd my prayer,—
Again the moss-grown terraces to raise,
And spread the labyrinth's perplexing maze; 10
Replace in even lines the ductile yew,
And plant again the ancient avenue.
Some features then, at least, we should obtain,
To mark this flat, insipid, waving plain;

v. 13. See plate I.—In the distance, a mansion-house with the ancient decorations; and in plate II. the same modernized.

Some vary'd tints and forms would intervene, 15
To break this uniform, eternal green.

E'en the trimm'd hedges, that inclosed the field,
Some consolation to the eye might yield ;
But even these are studiously removed,
And clumps and bareness only are approved. 20
Though the old system against nature stood,
At least in this, 'twas negatively good :—
Inclosed by walls, and terraces, and mounds,
Its mischiefs were confined to narrow bounds ;
Just round the house, in formal angles traced, 25
It moved responsive to the builder's taste ;
Walls answer'd walls, and alleys, long and thin,
Mimick'd the endless passages within.

But kings of yew, and goddesses of lead,
Could never far their baneful influence spread ; 30
Coop'd in the garden's safe and narrow bounds,
They never dared invade the open grounds ;
Where still the roving ox, or browsing deer,
From such prim despots kept the country clear ;
While uncorrupted still, on every side, 35
The ancient forest rose in savage pride ;
And in its native dignity display'd
Each hanging wood and ever verdant glade ;

Where every shaggy shrub and spreading tree
 Proclaim'd the seat of native liberty ; 40
 In loose and vary'd groups unheeded thrown,
 And never taught the planter's care to own :
 Some, towering upwards, spread their arms in state ;
 And others, bending low, appear'd to wait :
 While scatter'd thorns, browsed by the goat and deer,
 Rose all around, and let no lines appear. 46

Such groups did Claude's light pencil often trace,
 The foreground of some classic scene to grace ;
 Such, humble Waterloe, to nature true,
 Beside the copse, or village pasture drew. 50

But ah ! how different is the formal lump
 Which the improver plants, and calls a clump !
 Break, break, ye nymphs, the fence that guards it round !
 With browsing cattle, all its form confound !
 As chance or fate will have it, let it grow ;— 55
 Here spiring high ;—there cut, or trampled low.
 No apter ornament can taste provide
 To embellish beauty, or defect to hide ;

v. 47. See plate I. in the foreground.

v. 51. See plate II. a clump substituted to the group in the preceding plate.

If train'd with care and undiscover'd skill,
 Its just department in the scene to fill ; 60
 But with reserve and caution be it seen,
 Nor e'er surrounded by the shaven green ;
 But in the foreground boldly let it rise,
 Or join'd with other features meet the eyes :
 The distant mansion, seen beneath its shade, 65
 Is often advantageously display'd :—
 But here, once more, ye rural muses, weep
 The ivy'd balustrades, and terrace steep ;
 Walls, mellow'd into harmony by time,
 O'er which fantastic creepers used to climb ; 70
 While statues, labyrinths, and alleys, pent
 Within their bounds, at least were innocent !
 Our modern taste, alas ! no limit knows :—
 O'er hill, o'er dale, through woods and fields it flows ;
 Spreading o'er all its unprolific spawn, 75
 In never-ending sheets of vapid lawn.

True composition all extremes rejects,
 And just proportions still, of all, selects ;

v. 65. See plate I.

v. 67. See plates I. and II. the same house with and without these old-fashioned decorations.

Wood, water, lawn, in just gradation joins,
 And each with artful negligence combines : 80
 But still in level, or slow-rising ground,
 The wood should always form the exterior bound ;
 Not as a belt, encircling the domain,
 Which the tired eye attempts to trace in vain ;
 But as a bolder outline to the scene 85
 Than the unbroken turf's smooth even green.
 But if some distant hill o'er all arise,
 And mix its azure colours with the skies ;
 Or some near mountain its rough summits shew,
 And bound with broken crags the Alpine view ; 90
 Or rise, with even slope and gradual swell,
 Like the broad cone, or wide-extended bell ;—
 Never attempt, presumptuous, to o'erspread
 With starved plantations its bleak, barren head :
 Nature herself the rash design withstands, 95
 And guards her wilds from innovating hands ;
 Which, if successful, only would disgrace
 Her giant limbs with frippery, fringe, and lace.

v. 83. The belt with which Mr. Brown and his followers encircled the scenes of their improvements, is a boundary only in the map. In nature, the highest, and not the most distant parts of the demesnes, are the boundaries to the different stages of distance.

Whatever foremost glitters to the eye,
 Should near the middle of the Landscape lie;— 100
 Such as the stagnant pool, or rippling stream,
 That foams and sparkles in the sun's bright beam;
 Not to attract the unskilful gazer's sight,
 But to concentrate, and disperse the light;
 To show the clear reflection of the day, 105
 And dart through hanging trees the refluent ray;
 Where semi-lights with semi-shadows join,
 And quivering play in harmony divine.
 Motion and life the thicket seems to take,
 And then reflect them back upon the lake: 110
 Soft flickering tints in every part appear,
 Bright without glare, without distinction clear;
 While the strong lights that in the centre play,

v. 105, &c. These beautiful effects of the sun shining through trees that overhang water, have rarely been attended to by artists; and never attempted to be imitated by any, that I know of, except Claude. The practice of our students in Landscape-painting, in making only slight sketches from nature, and finishing them at home, must effectually prevent their excelling in that art; which consists in the power of imitating colours rather than forms. If they were to make their designs at home, and put in the light and shade and colouring from nature, their course of study would be much more reasonable and profitable.

As more diverging spread a fainter ray,
Till lost in thickening shades they die away. 115

Although your waters be of small extent,
And 'midst high banks and shadowy thickets pent,
Look not with envy at the boundless meer,
That spreads o'er miles, from all incumbrance clear;
Nor think the vast Maragnon's rolling tide, 120
When rivers numberless have swell'd his pride,
Displays to heaven so beautiful a stream,
As the wide-wandering Wye, or rapid Team:—
Nor yet expect, where Niagara roars,
And stuns the nations round Ontario's shores, 125
To find such true sublimity display'd,
As in rich Tibur's broken, wild cascade.

Oft have I heard the silly traveller boast
The grandeur of Ontario's endless coast;
Where, far as he could dart his wandering eye, 130
He nought but boundless water could descry.

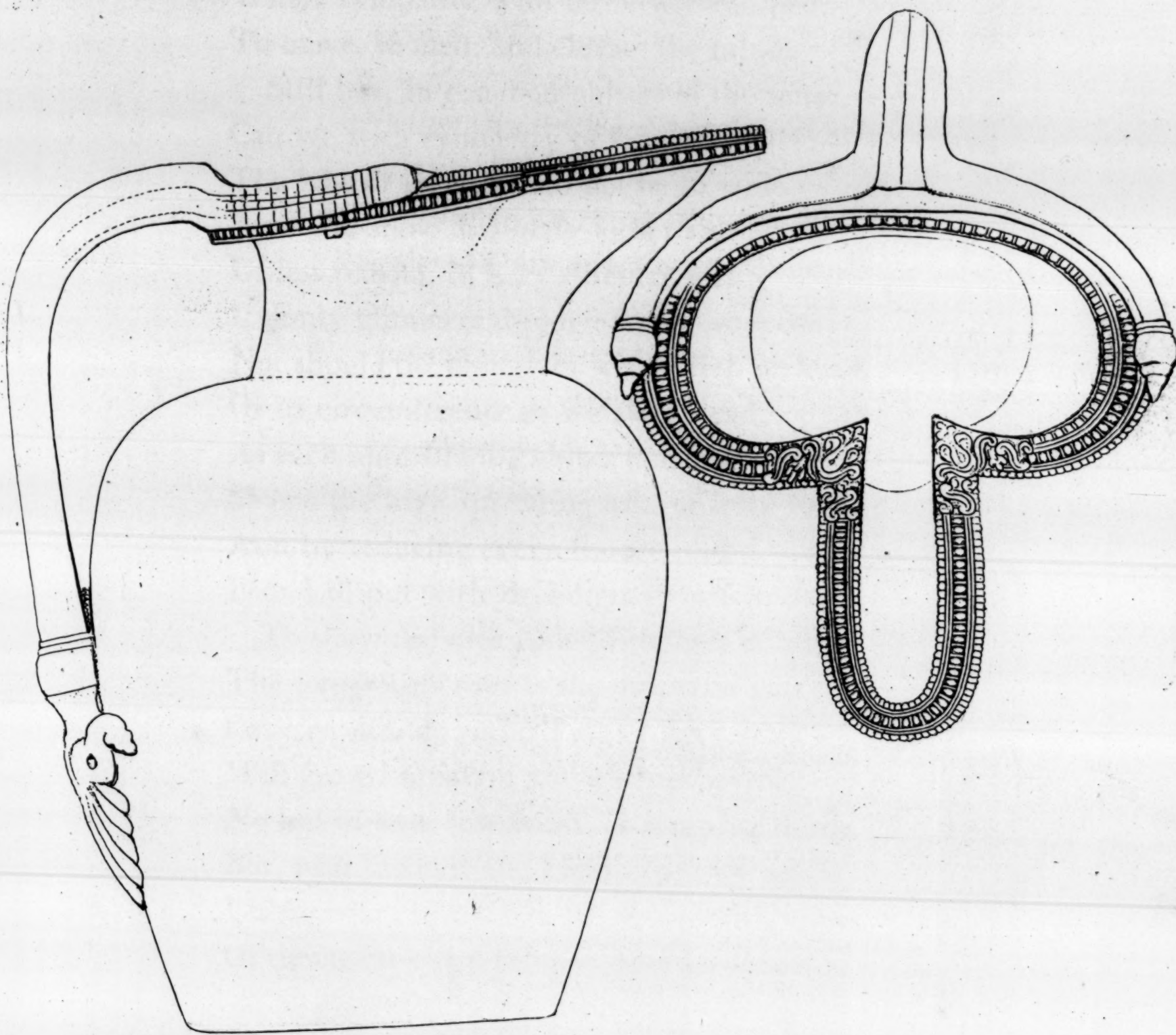
With equal reason Keswick's favour'd pool
Is made the theme of every wondering fool;
With bogs and barrenness here compass'd round,
With square inclosures there, and fallow'd ground; 135
O'er its deep waves no promontories tower,
No lofty trees, high over-arch'd, imbower;

No winding creek or solitary bay,
 'Midst pendant rocks or woods is seen to stray:
 But small prim islands, with blue fir-trees crown'd, 140
 Spread their cold shadows regularly round;
 Whilst over all vast crumbling mountains rise,
 Mean in their forms, though of gigantic size.

Ah! what avails the mountain's dizzy height,
 Or base that far extends beyond the sight; 145
 If flat, dull shapes behind each other rise,
 And fritter'd outlines cut against the skies?
 'Tis form, not magnitude, adorns the scene;—
 A hillock may be grand, and the vast Andes mean.

But as vain painters, destitute of skill, 150
 Large sheets of canvas with large figures fill,
 And think with shapes gigantic to supply
 Grandeur of form, and grace of symmetry:—
 So the rude gazer ever thinks to find
 The view sublime, where vast and unconfined. 155

'Tis not the giant of unwieldy size,
 Piling up hills on hills to scale the skies,
 That gives an image of the true sublime,
 Or the best subject for the lofty rhyme;
 But nature's common works, by genius dress'd, 160
 With art selected, and with taste express'd;



From the Original of the same size belonging to the Author.



Where sympathy with terror is combined,
To move, to melt, and elevate the mind.

Still less, in common objects of the sense,
Can we with symmetry of form dispense:— 165

The lake or river should not be so wide
As not to show distinctly either side ;
Unless remote, in hazy distance seen,
It dimly glimmers through the azure scene:
Nor should the mountain lift so high its head, 170

Or its circumference so widely spread,
As each approaching object to o'erpower,
Shame the high-spreading oak, or lofty tower ;
And by reducing every feature round,
Poor Lilliput with Brobdignag confound. 175

To show the nice embellishments of art,
The foreground ever is the properest part ;
For e'en minute and trifling objects near,
Will grow important and distinct appear:
No leaf of fern, low weed, or creeping thorn, 180
But, near the eye, the Landscape may adorn ;
Either when tufted o'er the mouldering stone,
Or down the slope in loose disorder thrown ;

Or, richly spread along the level green,
It breaks the tints and variegates the scene. 185

But here again, ye rural nymphs, oppose
Nature's and Art's confederated foes!
Break their fell scythes, that would these beauties shave,
And sink their iron rollers in the wave!
Your favourite plants, and native haunts protect, 190
In wild obscurity, and rude neglect;
Or teach proud man his labour to employ
To form and decorate, and not destroy;
Teach him to place, and not remove the stone
On yonder bank, with moss and fern o'ergrown; 195
To cherish, not mow down, the weeds that creep
Along the shore, or overhang the steep;
To break, not level, the slow-rising ground,
And guard, not cut, the fern that shades it round.

But let not still the o'erbearing pride of taste 200
Turn fertile districts to a forest's waste:

v. 188. See plate II. the same bank dressed and levelled in the style of modern taste.

v. 200 to 225 inclusive have been added since the first edition.

After having recommended the preservation of inclosures and cottages (see Book II. v. 17 and 262), and condemned the practice of sacrificing extensive tracts of arable land to unproductive lawn (ibid. v. 73.). I did not

Still let utility improvement guide,
 And just congruity in all preside.
 While shaggy hills are left to rude neglect,
 Let the rich plains with wavy corn be deck'd; 205

expect that misrepresentation would have been carried so far as even to insinuate that my system of improvement tended *to turn this beautiful kingdom into one huge picturesque forest*; (Mr. Repton's Letter to Mr. Price, note in p. 1.) but persons who read to condemn, rather than to understand, will always interpret as best suits their own purposes.

What I have endeavoured to prove, and what I still assert, is, *that ground which is sacrificed to picturesque beauty ought to be really picturesque*; and, I think, it may be fairly presumed that the person who first dignified himself with the title of *Landscape Gardener*, meant to produce *landscapes*, and make picturesque places, when he assumed that title; whatever he may choose to profess, now that it has been proved that all his labours, as well as those of *the great self-taught master* who preceded him, have had a direct contrary tendency. In general, however, I believe that very small sacrifices are necessary; for, as I have stated in the text, (Book II. v. 176.) the foreground is the proper place for picturesque decoration, which need not therefore ever be extended far from the eye; and the kinds of ground best adapted to it are those least suited to the purposes of agriculture. Hedges are never very offensive to the eye, unless marked with lines of shredded elms, seen from great heights, in what are called bird's-eye views; or spread along the sides of mountains, where they give the inclosures the appearance of square divisions cut on the surface, than which nothing can be more harsh, meagre, and unpleasant. When seen horizontally in a flat country, they enrich and embellish, especially if their lines be occasionally broken by full-headed and well pre-

And while rough thickets shade the lonely glen,
 Let culture smile upon the haunts of men;
 And the rich meadow and the fertile field
 The annual tribute of their harvests yield.

served trees. The custom of removing them to a great distance from the house, in order to throw open to the eye a wide space of unbroken and undivided turf, may show magnificence and gratify vanity; but how it can add to the comfort or beauty of the dwelling, I cannot conceive.

The usual features of a cultivated country are the accidental mixtures of meadows, woods, pastures, and corn fields; interspersed with farm houses, cottages, mills, &c.; and I do not know that in this country better materials for middle grounds and distances can be obtained, or are to be wished for; and why they should be separated by a belt of plantation from the foreground, or even from the middle ground, when that is formed of smooth lawn or shrubbery, I cannot imagine. A *landscape painter* would, in all instances, wish to connect them; and it is to be hoped that the *landscape gardener* will some time or other be able to find better reasons than he has hitherto given for always separating them. Comfort and convenience are out of the question; for a fence which guards from trespass, affords all the separation that *they* require; and though the belt may conceal the materials of that useful boundary, and keep the spectator in doubt whether it be a hedge, a pale, or a wall, it so decidedly marks the line of it, that it renders it perceptible at a distance, where it would not otherwise be distinguishable from other adjoining fences. This line is exactly what an improver, who aimed at picturesque beauty and harmony of composition, would wish to hide:—why then is it so studiously, and often so expensively marked? By looking to a principle of improvement, which I have before glanced at, (Book I. v. 159.) and which Mr.

Oft pleased we see, in some sequester'd glade, 210
 The cattle seek the aged pollard's shade ;
 Or, on the hillock's swelling turf reclined,
 Snuff the cool breeze, and catch the passing wind:

Price has anticipated me in applying to the present subject, (Letter to Mr. Repton, p. 101.) we may, I believe, solve the difficulty without imputing any peculiar perversity of taste to its author. Mr. Brown, though ignorant of painting, and incapable of judging of picturesque effects, was a man of sense and observation, and had studied mankind attentively: he therefore knew that when a large sum of money had been expended in inclosing, levelling, and dressing (or rather undressing) a very extensive demesne, the proprietor would not dislike to have the great extent of his supposed improvements so distinctly marked, that all who came within sight of his place might form just notions of his taste and magnificence: for this purpose the belt is admirably contrived; and, if so intended, does honour to the sagacity and ingenuity of the inventor.

I am further persuaded that this was its real meaning, from having observed that he most invariably employed it in very extensive places; where it would naturally be most gratifying to vanity, though most injurious to beauty. A person possessed of a few acres of picturesque ground in the midst of a country of shredded elms, common fields, or barren downs, might naturally wish to exclude the surrounding deformities by a fence of trees; and where the circumference is so small, it will answer his purpose: but in proportion as it widens, its horizon sinks; so that in all the places where I have seen it employed by Mr. Brown and his followers, the adjoining country has appeared over it; and it has had the effect of a heavy dark piece of frame-work crossing the middle of the picture. We are told, however, of

Oft too, when shelter'd from the winter's cold,
 In graceful groups they crowd the litter'd fold, 215
 Their varied forms and blended colours gay
 Mild scenes of simple elegance display,

the delights of being conducted irregularly through its course, sometimes totally within the dark shade, sometimes skirting so near its edge as to show the different scenes betwixt the trees, and sometimes quitting the wood entirely, to enjoy the unconfined view of distant prospects. (Mr. Repton's Letter to Mr. Price, p. 14.)

But the author of this fine piece of description seems to have forgotten that he had stated, but a few lines before, that the use of this belt was to conceal the fence which separates a certain portion of ground, appropriated to the peculiar use and pleasure of the proprietor, from the adjoining ploughed fields (*ibid*, p. 12 and 13.); so that this fence must always be on one side, and the pleasure grounds (whether park, lawn, or shrubbery) on the other; whence *these different scenes and unconfined views*, with which the circumambulator is to be regaled, turn out to be nothing more than peeps through the interstices of pales, or over the top of a wall, into ploughed fields on one side, and transverse views in different directions over one piece of ground on the other; which piece of ground, having all *the neat and simple elegance of English gardening*, is marked by no features, and diversified by no intricacies; so that the views over it are all variations of *one*, which was previously divested of all its natural or accidental character.

By accidental character, I mean that which every cultivated country derives from the style of husbandry, building, and planting of its inhabitants. Where that originally given to it by nature is very grand and fine, the less of any other is preserved the better; and the neglected style of forest scenery is preferable to all others: but before the improver ventures to take

And with faint gleams of social comfort charm
 The humble beauties of the lonely farm.
 But never let those humble beauties try 220
 With the neat villa's tinsel charms to vie,

accidental or artificial character away, he should take care to have some other to put in its place; the usual substitute of an overgrown piece of pasture dotted with clumps, and surrounded by a broad hedge-row of trees having absolutely none. Scarcely any parts of our island are capable of affording the compositions of Salvator Rosa, Claude, and the Poussins; and only the most picturesque parts those of Rysdael, Berghem, and Pynaker; but those of Hobbima, Waterloo, and Adrian Vandervelde (which have also their beauties) are to be obtained every where. Pastures with cattle, horses or sheep grazing in them, and enriched with good trees, will always afford picturesque compositions; and inclosures of arable are never completely ugly, unless when lying in fallow, which, I believe, is very generally disused in the present improved state of husbandry. Clean and comfortable walks and rides may be made through fields, without any stiffness or formality; and by means of honeysuckles and creepers, even hedges may be made picturesque and beautiful. This is perhaps the best style of improvement for a tame flat country. The late Mr. Southgate's farm near Weybridge, though in many parts too finely dressed, is, both in design and execution, far preferable to any of the works of Kent or Brown; and is a proof of what may be done in this humble style: but in this, as in every other, picturesque effects can only be obtained by watching accidents, and profiting by circumstances, during a long period of time. The line of a walk, the position of a seat, or limits of an inclosure, must often depend upon the accidental growth of a tree; and we must always make things, which we can command, conform

Or spoil their simple unaffected grace
 With frippery ornaments and tawdry lace ;
 For still to culture should its use belong,
 And affectation's always in the wrong. 225

to those which we cannot. The improver in his plan presupposes every thing to succeed as he chooses ; and if he plants only clumps and belts of firs, he may certainly foresee the effect which they will have when arrived at maturity : but if he plants trees of less regular growth, and aims at picturesque effects in the distribution of them, he must watch the annual increase and variation in their forms ; and cut down, prune, transplant, and vary his plan accordingly : the difference of a single branch in the foreground, or even in the middle distance, where the scene is on a small scale, may materially affect a whole composition.

Mr. Repton has observed that *there are a thousand scenes in nature to delight the eye, beside those which may be copied as pictures ; and that one of the keenest observers of picturesque scenery (Mr. Gilpin), has often regretted that few are capable of being so represented, without considerable license and alteration.* (Letter to Mr. Price, p. 6.) I have heard many landscape painters express the same regret ; but I must add, that it has always been in an inverse proportion to their merit. Unskilful artists, like unskilful musicians, are apt to omit whatever they cannot execute ; and, what is worse, to supply its place with something of their own. Confirmed mannerists, both in music and painting, are apt to go still farther ; and to substitute their own for the whole of what they pretend to execute or represent. The finest pieces of Italian scenery, as represented by many French and German, (and I am sorry to add) some English artists, have exactly the same resemblance to nature, as the finest pieces of Italian music executed by the performers of the *grand opera* at Paris have to

The cover'd seat, that shelters from the storm,
May oft a feature in the Landscape form ;

the original works of the composer : yet all these artists (and I have conversed with many of them) insisted that they improved nature, and only altered such parts as were incapable of being advantageously represented in their genuine state. They made, however, a trifling mistake, which men of all professions, from statesmen to ploughmen, are very apt to make. They attributed their own incapacity to the subject on which they were employed. This I often ventured to hint in the most delicate manner I could, by citing the example of Claude, whose landscapes are more highly esteemed than those of any other master, though always composed of parts copied from nature with the most minute and scrupulous exactitude, both in the forms and colours. Claude, however, was treated by them as a slow mechanic genius, void of spirit and invention, and incapable of any higher exertion than that of tamely copying what nature and accident placed before him. They aimed at a more exalted style of excellence, and by that means got into a *style*, which rendered them incapable of any kind of excellence in art.

I do not, however, mean to insinuate that the landscape painter is to confine himself to a servile imitation of the particular scenes that he finds in nature : on the contrary, I know that nature scarcely ever affords a complete and faultless composition ; but nevertheless she affords the *parts* of which taste and invention may make complete and faultless compositions ; and it is by accurately and minutely copying these parts, and afterwards skilfully and judiciously combining and arranging them, that the most perfect works in the art have been produced.

By working on the same principle ; by carefully collecting and cherishing the accidental beauties of wild nature ; by judiciously arranging them, and

Whether composed of native stumps and roots,
It spreads the creeper's rich fantastic shoots ;

skilfully combining them with each other, and the embellishments of art ; I cannot but think that the landscape gardener might produce complete and faultless compositions in nature, which would be as much superior to the imitations of them by art, as the acting of a Garrick or a Siddons is to the best representation of it in a portrait. Those, indeed, who think only of making *fine places*, in order to gratify their own vanity, or profit by the vanity of others, may call this mode of proceeding *a new system of improving by neglect and accident* ; yet those who have tried it know, that, though to preserve the appearance of neglect and accident be one of its objects, it is not by leaving every thing to neglect and accident, that even that is to be obtained. *Profiting by accident*, is very different from *leaving every thing to accident* ; and *improving by neglect*, very different from *neglecting*. Apelles by throwing his brush at the picture of Alexander's horse, which he was painting, marked the foam at his mouth more to his own satisfaction than he had been able to do by repeated trials in the regular process of his art ; yet surely no one will think this an instance of negligence or inattention ; but rather a proof of that refined taste and judgment which is always watchful to take advantage of every casual incident ; and thus to catch those delicate graces of execution, which the regular efforts of art, however excellent, can never reach ; and which persons wholly unskilled can never feel. The *ut sibi quivis speret idem, &c.* characterizes the highest degree of perfection in every art as well as that of poetry. Partridge thinks that he should look as Garrick did in Hamlet, if he saw a ghost ; (Tom Jones, B. xvi. c. 5.) and I have known many a *young gentleman*, who had learned to draw a little, and thought himself a profound judge of the art, pass coldly by a brilliant sketch of Salvator Rosa or Rembrandt, without

Or, raised with stones, irregularly piled, 230
It seems some cavern, desolate and wild:

noticing it; but dwell with the warmest expressions of delight and approbation on a laboured drawing of Pillement or Worlidge. The refined delicacy of that art, which conceals itself in its own effects, is above the reach of such critics; who, looking only for the artifice of imitation, are pleased in proportion as that artifice is glaring and ostentatious; in the same manner as Partridge approves the actor most who never conceals his skill in the easy expression of nature, but performs his part throughout with such stiff pomposity that *every one might see that he was an actor*.

As this admirable scene in Fielding's most excellent novel has been misunderstood, and consequently misrepresented, by the best writer on art, as well as the best artist of the present age, I cannot resist the opportunity of vindicating it from what I consider as the unmerited censure of a person whose authority as a critic, both in art and literature, will always stand as high, as his memory as a man will be dear to those who had the happiness of knowing that his private virtues were equal to his professional talents. Partridge does not, as Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his discourses supposes him to do, mistake, for a moment, the play for reality: on the contrary, he repeatedly says, *that he knows it is but a play, and that there is nothing at all in it*; and as *imitation* was all that he looked for, the most glaring and obvious imitation of the most dignified and imposing personage, was, to him, the most undoubted test of excellence in acting. The ghost he knows to be *only a man in a strange dress*, as he repeatedly observes; but, nevertheless, as the fear of ghosts is his predominant passion, when he sees that fear expressed by another in a manner so exactly consonant to his own feelings, and with such unaffected truth and simplicity, that all the artifice of imitation disappears,

But still of dress and ornament beware;
 And hide each formal trace of art with care:
 Let clustering ivy o'er its sides be spread,
 And moss and weeds grow scatter'd o'er its head. 235

his feelings overpower his understanding, and he sympathizes involuntarily with what he sees expressed, though he knows that all the circumstances which excite it are fictitious. This is a perfectly natural and exact picture of the effects which the different kinds of imitative expression have upon minds just cultivated enough to have their judgments perverted, without having their feelings destroyed. They admire extravagantly every artifice of imitation, which is sufficiently gross for them to perceive and comprehend; but when it is so refined as no longer to appear artifice, they entirely disregard it; unless when some strong expression happens to accord with some prominent, or ruling passion of their own, which being thus suddenly roused by a cause neither expected nor understood, so confounds and astonishes them, that it suspends, for the moment, the operation of every other faculty.

Theatrical amusements, indeed, have long been so general in this country that there are few, even among the lowest class of the people, whose judgment in them has not been corrected and refined by habitual exercise; but in landscape gardening, as well as landscape painting, there are many such critics as Partridge is represented to have been in acting; and, in *their* estimation, the stiff and tawdry glare of a modern improved place will appear as much preferable to the easy elegance and unaffected variety of natural scenery, as the stately strut and turgid declamation of the mock monarch of the stage did in *his*, to the easy dignity of deportment and grace of utterance, which a good actor would have given to the same character.

The stately arch, high-raised with massive stone;
 The ponderous flag that forms a bridge alone;
 The prostrate tree, or rudely propt-up beam,
 That leads the path across the foaming stream;
 May each the scene with different beauty grace, 240
 If shewn with judgment in its proper place.
 But false refinement vainly strives to please,
 With the thin, fragile bridge of the Chinese;
 Light and fantastical, yet stiff and prim,
 The child of barren fancy turn'd to whim: 245
 Whim! whose extravagancies ever try
 The vacancies of fancy to supply:
 And as the coward, when his passions rave,
 Rushes on dangers that appall the brave;
 So frigid whim beyond invention flies, 250
 O'erleaps congruity, and sense defies;
 Imagines cities in sequester'd bowers,
 And floods their streets with artificial showers:

v. 238. See plate I. in the middle distance, a view of a common rustic bridge.—For the various effects of different arched and flagged bridges, see the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude; in which some of almost every form are introduced, in every kind of situation.

v. 243. See plate II. a Chinese bridge substituted to the preceding rustic one.

v. 252. See a *Treatise on Oriental Gardening*, by Sir W. Chambers;

With fairs and markets crowds a garden's glades,
 And turns the fishwomen to Tartar maids; 255
 Bids gibbets rise, and rotting felons swing,
 To deck the prospects of a pious king;
 And in low filth, which foul disgust excites,
 Finds the sublime, which awes and yet delights.

The quarry long neglected, and o'ergrown 260
 With thorns, that hang o'er mouldering beds of stone,
 May oft the place of natural rocks supply,
 And frame the verdant picture to the eye;
 Or, closing round the solitary seat,
 Charm with the simple scene of calm retreat. 265

Large stems of trees, and branches spreading wide,
 May oft adorn the scenes which they divide;

in which all these happy conceits are seriously attributed to the Emperor of China, and stated as the highest efforts of taste which European monarchs can pretend to imitate. *Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset—tempora*—his amusement would at least have been innocent; and the wealth of an exhausted nation might have escaped from being squandered in erecting buildings which tumble down before they are finished; and which, after the expence of near half a million, are found to be too weak and fragile to sustain even a plaster cast of a large statue; the Royal Academy having lately been obliged to reject one of the Farnese Hercules, because they have no room above ground strong enough to support it.

v. 267. Almost all the great landscape painters have employed this

For ponderous masses, and deep shadows near,
 Will show the distant scene more bright and clear;
 And forms distinctly mark'd, at once supply 270
 A scale of magnitude and harmony;
 From which receding gradually away,
 The tints grow fainter and the lines decay.

The same effects may also be display'd
 Through the high vaulted arch or colonnade:— 275
 But harsh and cold the builder's work appears,
 Till soften'd down by long revolving years;
 Till time and weather have conjointly spread
 Their mouldering hues and mosses o'er its head.

Bless'd is the man in whose sequester'd glade, 280
 Some ancient abbey's walls diffuse their shade;
 With mouldering windows pierced, and turrets crown'd,
 And pinnacles with clinging ivy bound.

Bless'd too is he, who, 'midst his tufted trees,
 Some ruin'd castle's lofty towers sees; 285
 Imbosom'd high upon the mountain's brow,
 Or nodding o'er the stream that glides below.

Nor yet unenvy'd, to whose humbler lot
 Falls the retired and antiquated cot;—

means of producing effect; so that to point out particular instances would be
 superfluous. The Liber Veritatis has many.

X Its roof with weeds and mosses cover'd o'er, 290
 And honeysuckles climbing round the door;
 While mantling vines along its walls are spread,
 And clustering ivy decks the chimney's head.

Still happier he (if conscious of his prize)
 Who sees some temple's broken columns rise, 295
 'Midst sculptured fragments, shiver'd by their fall,
 And tottering remnants of its marble wall;—
 Where every beauty of correct design,
 And vary'd elegance of art, combine
 With nature's softest tints, matured by time, 300
 And the warm influence of a genial clime.

But let no servile copyist appear,
 To plant his paltry imitations here;
 To show poor Baalbec dwindled to the eye,
 And Pæstum's fanes with columns six feet high! 305
 With urns and cenotaphs our vallies fill,
 And bristle o'er with obelisks the hill!

Such buildings English nature must reject,
 And claim from art the appearance of neglect:
 No decoration should we introduce, 310
 That has not first been naturalized by use;
 And at the present, or some distant time,
 Become familiar to the soil and clime:

For as the cunning nymph, with giddy care
 And wanton wiles, conceals her study'd air; 315
 And each acquired grace of fashion tries
 To hide in nature's negligent disguise;
 While with unseen design and cover'd art
 She charms the sense, and plays around the heart:
 So every pleasing object more will please, 320
 As less the observer its intention sees;
 But thinks it form'd for use, and placed by chance
 Within the limits of his transient glance.

But no jackdaw, in borrow'd plumage gay,
 Nor sooty sweeper, on the first of May, 325
 With powder'd periwig, and raddled face,
 And tatter'd garment, trimm'd with paper lace,
 Can more the bounds of common sense transgress
 In tawdry incongruity of dress,
 Than rural cockneys, when they vainly try 330
 To deck, like village fanes, the barn or sty;
 And o'er the dunghill's litter'd filth and mire,
 Show the gilt pinnacle or whiten'd spire:—
 Doubly disgusted, such poor tricks we see,
 That even counterfeit deformity! 335

O happy days, when art, to nature true,
 No tricks of dress, or whims of fashion knew!

Ere forms fantastical, or prim grimace,
 Had dared usurp the honour'd name of grace ;
 When taste was sense, embellish'd and refined 340
 By fancy's charms, and reason's force combined ;

v. 336, &c. The uniform principle of grace and elegance which prevailed in all the works of Greece and her colonies, through such a vast variety of states, differing in climate, manners, laws, and governments, has been observed by antiquaries as one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of man. The beautiful, and yet varied forms of the earthen funereal vases, which are called Etruscan, though principally of Greek manufacture, have been fully and happily illustrated in the publications of my learned friend, Sir William Hamilton; and it may be further observed, that the same systematic elegance was preserved in works of a still humbler class. The small brass cup, of which a print is annexed (see Plate III.) is of that plain and cheap kind, which could only have been meant for the common use of the common people. With us, such articles, even when of more precious materials, and more expensively decorated, are made without any attention to symmetry of proportion, or harmony of parts:—the spout appears to pull one way, the handle another; and an inclined top is placed upon a flat bottom. For as the component pieces are usually made by different hands, and put together afterwards, they have seldom any relation to each other, except that of size. But in the little specimen of ancient manufacture here given, all is in harmony and unison: the oblique line of the bottom corresponds with that of the top; the handle bends forward in the same direction with the spout; and all the intermediate parts are moulded so as to have the same tendency, and an appearance of co-operating with each other.—See plate III.

Which through each rank of life its influence spread,
 From the king's palace to the peasant's shed;
 And gently moulded to its soft control
 Each power of sympathy that moves the soul. 345

Hence, every work of labour or of thought,
 With one inherent principle was fraught;
 One principle diffused through every part,
 Alike of liberal or mechanic art;
 From the sublime and awful grace, that shed 350
 Its charms terrific round the thunderer's head,
 And the gay, sprightly elegance that shone
 In the light limbs of Maia's nimble son,
 Down to the humblest cup that could afford
 Its scanty comforts to the peasant's board. 355

In all alike we trace the same designs.
 Of just proportion, and harmonic lines;
 No single part dissenting from the rest,
 But all in one united form comprest.

I flattered myself that any person who should condescend to read the preceding note, would have perceived that my intention in introducing this plate, was merely to show the prevalence of a general principle in works of the meanest and humblest kind; and little did I imagine that the impudence of misrepresentation would go so far as to assert, or even insinuate, that I gave so trifling and paltry a thing as a general standard of taste and elegance. Yet so it is! See Monthly Review, May, 1794.

Say, why this choicest gift of favouring heaven 360
 To one peculiar people thus was given?
 Why Greeks alone, of all the human race,
 E'er catch'd the vision of celestial grace;
 Transfused it into earth's cold inert mass,
 And bade it breathe in forms of ductile brass? 365
 Was it religion, that taught men to join
 To human figures attributes divine;
 And with perfections greater than their own,
 Embellish images of brass and stone?
 Or was it language, whose precision taught 370
 Conception just, and accuracy' of thought?—
 Language, which only 'mong the Greeks was found
 Complete in form, in flexion, and in sound;

v. 360. &c. Though the Egyptians and Phœnicians preceded the
 Greeks in art, as well as science, they appear to have been mere manufac-
 turers, wholly unacquainted with the principle of grace which is here alluded
 to, as the essential characteristic of liberal art. Of the Phœnicians, indeed,
 we have no specimens extant, except coins, struck probably after their ac-
 quaintance with the Greeks; but Egyptian sculptures are very common,
 and prove that the artists of that nation ought to be ranked rather with those
 of the Chinese and Hindoos, than with those of either ancient or modern
 Europe. The Etruscans were merely imitators, or rather copyists of the
 Greeks, as has lately been fully proved by the learned Abbé Lanzi, in a dis-
 sertation on the subject.

Language, the counterpart of thought and sense,
 Whose images its archetypes dispense, 375
 And by dispensing, order and arrange,
 Debase or elevate, preserve or change;
 Whence words oft fix the features of the mind,
 And stamp their character on half mankind.

But let not language have the sole applause; 380
 Nor yet religion seem the only cause:
 Arise, great Homer, and assert thy claim
 To every bright reward of honest fame!
 From the dark gloom of undiscover'd night
 Thy genius pour'd the electric stream of light, 385
 And wheresoe'er it beam'd with quickening ray,
 Rouzed dormant taste, and bade the soul obey;
 Moulded in sound thy vivid figures rise,
 Act to the ears, and speak unto the eyes:
 Nature's best works in bolder models show; 390
 Burst on the heart, and in the fancy glow.

Long ere the daring Samian's plastic hand
 Had taught the brass to flow at his command;

v. 392. The most ancient statues in brass were composed of different pieces hammered out, and hewn, and then rivetted together—σφυρηλατα και σιδηροκολλητα.—At what time, where, or by whom, the art of casting figures in metal, in moulds taken from models in clay, was invented, is uncertain:

Ere Scyllis' chisel, or Dipœnus' knife,
 Had hewn the stubborn marble into life, 395
 By force intuitive thy genius felt
 The power of art, in great Alcides' belt;
 And all that after ages knew, reveal'd
 In the wide orbit of Achilles' shield.

Hence dawn'd the arts through every growing state,
 And rose 'midst storms of faction, war, and hate: 401

different traditions cited by Pliny (lib. xxxv. c. 12.), gave it to Dibutades of Corinth, and Rhœcus of Samos, both of whom flourished some centuries after Homer. How far either of these traditions is true, it is not my business at present to inquire; though I may perhaps do it at some future time, if I should ever have leisure and inclination to finish a work, for which I have been long collecting materials.

v. 394. Scyllis and Dipœnus were the first artists who were much celebrated for sculptures in marble. They flourished about the fiftieth Olympiad, or five hundred and eighty years before the Christian era; and were natives of Crete; but established their school at Sicyon.

v. 396. See *Odyss.* A. 608, et seq.

v. 398. See *Iliad.* Σ. 478, et seq.

v. 401. Art flourished with increasing splendour from the Persian invasion to the Macedonian conquest, during one hundred and fifty years of almost uninterrupted civil wars and dissensions. By the Macedonian conquest, both the arts and literature of Greece were spread over all Asia, to the frontiers of India; and they continued to flourish under every dynasty of the conquering chiefs, till the rise of the Roman power. The coins of

By discord fann'd, the fire of genius glow'd;
 With victory brighten'd and with conquest flow'd;
 Till Rome's benumbing influence bade it doze,
 Stunn'd in the lethargy of deep repose. 405

Mithradates are the last which display any of that greatness of style, which distinguishes those of the Greek republics, and Macedonian kings, and places them far above any subsequent works of the kind.

v. 404. A sort of miniature style became predominant under the Romans, and continued, with little variation, from Augustus to the Antonines inclusively, during a period of about two hundred and twenty years. The dissolution of all order into a military democracy, which followed the despotism of Severus, subverted even this, and left nothing but barbarism. The productions, however, of better times were still highly valued, though no longer imitated; till the establishment of Christianity, when they were beheld with abhorrence, and gradually destroyed, or buried. Constantine, indeed, for many years after his conversion, maintained universal toleration, and protected the public worship and consecrated property of the old religion from the intemperate zeal and avarice of the ministers of the new. (Euseb. in Vita Const. Imp. l. II. c. 56. and 60.) But after the building of Constantinople, vanity, the leading principle of all his actions, induced him to begin the pillage of the temples, in order to decorate his new capital with such works of art, as his age could not produce; and when he had thus broken through his own rule of moderation, he could no longer withstand the solicitations of the bishops for the utter extirpation of these retreats of the Devil, and fortresses of sin. The gold and silver statues and ornaments were consequently seized and melted; the brass carried to Constantinople; and

But short its slumbers:—see fierce bigots rise!
 Faith in their mouths, and fury in their eyes;
 With mystic spells and charms encompass'd round,
 And creeds obscure, to puzzle and confound;
 While boding prophets in hoarse notes fortell 410
 The ripen'd vengeance of wide-gaping hell;
 And pledging round the chalice of their ire,
 Scatter the terrors of eternal fire.

Touch'd by their breath, meek Science melts away;
 Art drooping, sinks, and moulders to decay; 415
 Books blaze in piles, and statues shiver'd fall,
 And one dark cloud of ruin covers all.

the marble abandoned to the destructive bigotry of the fanatic rabble (Ibid. lib. III. c. 54, et seq.); by whom they were gradually broken to pieces, and the fragments either burnt into lime, squared into blocks for building, or thrown into lakes, morasses, and rivers. Some were buried entire, and a few concealed, by persons who wished to preserve them, in caves and cellars; among which was the Laocoon. Those carried to Constantinople were gradually melted down, as want or avarice required the materials; but several of the most distinguished continued in the Hippodrome, till the French and Venetian Crusaders treacherously seized upon that city in the year 1204, when they were converted into money to pay their fanatic plunderers, whom Nice-tas Acominatus, the Byzantine historian of these events, emphatically and justly styles *ανεπαγαυί Γαρβαροί* (in Excerpt. apud Fabric. Biblioth. Græc. et Banduri Imper. Oriental.)

Much injured Vandals, and long slander'd Huns!
 How are you wrong'd by your too thankless sons;
 Of others' actions you sustain the blame, 420
 And suffer from your darling goddess Fame:
 For her, or plunder, your bold myriads fought,
 Nor deign'd on art to cast one transient thought;
 But with cold smiles of grim contempt pass'd by
 Whate'er was fashion'd but to please the eye; 425
 The works of Glycon and Apelles view'd
 Merely as blocks of stone, or planks of wood.

But gloomy Bigotry, with prying eye,
 Saw lurking fiends in every figure lie,
 And damned heresy's prolific root 430
 Grow strong in learning, and from science shoot;
 Whence fired with vengeance and fierce zeal, it rose
 To quench all lights that dared its own oppose.

Revived again, in Charles' and Leo's days,
 Art dawn'd unsteady, with reflected rays; 435

v. 434. The taste for pure and elegant composition was revived by Raphael; and expired with him. Michael Angelo was always for doing something better than *well*; and as such attempts excite the wonder and admiration of the ignorant, they are flattering to vanity, and almost certain to become fashionable; as they immediately did, both in the Roman and Florentine schools. Hence a puerile ambition for novelty and originality became the

Lost all the general principle of grace,
 And wavering fancy left to take its place;
 But yet, in these degenerate days, it shone
 With one perfection, e'en to Greece unknown:

predominant principle of an imitative art, the business of which is to *copy*, and not *create*. To those, who had considered it properly, this would have appeared sufficiently difficult; since even Raphael, who excelled most in the niceties of drawing, and accurate representations of form, would scarcely have been deemed an artist by the Greeks; so very inferior are even his best performances to what remain of theirs. By *nicety of drawing and accurate representation of form*, I again repeat, that I do not mean mere anatomical accuracy in the distribution and proportion of particular parts; but that accuracy of general effect, and natural truth of gesture and expression, which alone excite sympathy, and which therefore properly distinguish *liberal* from *mechanic* imitation.

v. 438. Landscape painting was first practised by one Ludius of Lydius, in the time of Augustus, who seems to have been little better than a scene painter. Pliny says that he painted with little labour or expence, views of villas, porticoes, mountains, woods, rivers, &c. on walls (non fraudendo et Ludio divi Augusti ætate, qui primus instituit amœnissimam parietum picturam, villas et porticus, ac topiaria opera, lucos, nemora, colles, piscinas, euripos, amnes, litora, qualia quis optarat, varias ibi obambulantium species aut navigantium, terraque villas adeuntium asellis aut vehiculis, &c. lib. xxxv. c. 10.); but that works of this sort were never held in high esteem, as pieces of art. (Idemque subdialibus maritimas urbes pingere instituit blandissimo aspectu minimoque impendio. Sed nulla gloria artificum est nisi eorum qui tabulas pinxere, &c. Ibid.) Many specimens of this kind of

Nature's aerial tints and fleeting dyes, 440
 Old Titian first imbody'd to the eyes;
 And taught the tree to spread its light array
 In mimic colours, and on canvas play.
 Next Rubens came, and catch'd in colours bright
 The flickering flashes of celestial light; 445

painting have been discovered in the houses of Herculaneum and Pompeii; from which it appears, that they were rather grotesques than landscapes; and certainly very undeserving of being ranked with the ancient efforts of the art in Greece and its colonies. Glare and gaiety, however, rendered this miserable style of daubing popular among a people, who had no principles of true taste, and it served as a substitute for an art, which existed no more. With sincere regret, I observe it revived by our modern architects; for while it lasts, I fear no place will be found for the modest graces of good painting, which will naturally appear flat and insipid to eyes vitiated by tawdry and unmeaning glitter. It were well, if the opulent and magnificent of this country would be on their guard in taking the advice of builders and architects concerning the decorations of their houses; for such advisers will generally recommend the employing low artizans, in whose profits they may participate, rather than liberal artists, whose pride and spirit place them above such a base reciprocity of fraudulent traffic.

v. 441. Many of the very early painters (even the Van Eycks of the thirteenth century) endeavoured to make landscape back-grounds to their pictures; but they were rather landscapes in *form*, than in *effect*. Titian's are the first that have any pretensions to the natural graces of aerial perspective.

Dipp'd his bold pencil in the rainbow's dye,
 And fix'd the transient radiance of the sky;
 But both their merits, polish'd and refined
 By toil and care, in patient Claude were join'd:
 Nature's own pupil, favourite child of taste! 405
 Whose pencil, like Lysippus' chisel, traced
 Vision's nice errors, and, with feign'd neglect,
 Sunk partial form in general effect.

Hail, arts divine!—still may your solace sweet
 Cheer the recesses of my calm retreat; 455
 And banish every mean pursuit, that dares
 Cloud life's serene with low ambition's cares.

Vain is the pomp of wealth: its splendid halls,
 And vaulted roofs sustain'd by marble walls.—
 In beds of state pale sorrow often sighs, 460
 Nor gets relief from gilded canopies:

v. 451. See note on Book I. v. 67. Claude has finished his landscapes more elaborately than any other artist, even among the Dutch, ever did; but by continually working from nature, and artfully throwing in touches of apparent ease and negligence, he effectually avoided every peculiarity of manner, and all that liny formality and smoothness, which usually results from excessive finishing. In particular forms he is often inaccurate, and sometimes studiously indistinct; but his general effects are always perfect, and the indistinctness appears to be in the medium of vision, rather than in the object seen.

But arts can still new recreation find,
 To soothe the troubles of the afflicted mind;
 Recall the ideal worth of ancient days,
 And man in his own estimation raise; 465
 Visions of glory to his eyes impart,
 And cheer with conscious pride his drooping heart;
 Make him forget the little plagues that spring
 From cares domestic, and in secret sting:
 The glance malignant of the scornful eye; 470
 The peevish question, and the tart reply;
 The never-ending frivolous debate,
 Which poisons love with all the pangs of hate:
 Suspicion's lurking frown, and prying eye,
 That masks its malice in love's jealousy; 475
 And, sprung from selfish vanity and pride,
 Seeks, with its worst effects, its cause to hide.
 Folly's pert sneer, the prejudice of sense;
 And scoffing pity's timid insolence:
 Assuming bigotry's conceited pride, 480
 That claims to be man's sole, unerring guide;
 Dictates in all things;—and would e'en compel
 The damn'd to go its own by-road to hell:
 Officious friendship, that displays its zeal
 In buzzing slanders, which e'en foes conceal; 485

Kindly revives whate'er can teaze or fret,
Nor lets us one calamity forget ;
But, tenderly, each future evil spies,
And comforts with contingent miseries:
The vapid loungeur's never-ceasing prate, 490
Whose tiresome kindness makes us wish his hate:
With all the little social ills that rise
From idleness, which its own languor flies.

THE LANDSCAPE.

BOOK III.

WHAT trees may best adorn the mountain's brow,
And spread promiscuous o'er the plains below ;
What, singly, lift the high-aspiring head,
Or mix'd in groups, their quivering shadows shed ;
What best in lofty groves may tower around, 5
Or sculk in underwood along the ground ;
Or in low copses skirt the hillock's side,
Or form the thicket, some defect to hide ;
I now inquire.—Ye woodland nymphs, arise,
And ope your secret haunts to mortal eyes ! 10
Let my unhallow'd steps your seats invade,
And penetrate your undiscover'd shade.
Ere yet the planter undertakes his toil,
Let him examine well his clime and soil ;
Patient explore what best with both will suit, 15
And, rich in leaves, luxuriantly shoot.

For trees, unless in vigorous health they rise,
 Can ne'er be grateful objects to the eyes;
 'Midst summer's heats, disgusted we behold
 Their branches numb'd with the past winter's cold; 20
 Or their thin shivering heads all bristled o'er
 With the dead shoots that the last autumn bore;
 While their lean trunks, with bark all crack'd and dry,
 Regret the comforts of a warmer sky.

Not that I'd banish from the sylvan scene 25
 Each bough that is not deck'd in vivid green;
 Or, like our prim improvers, cut away
 Each hoary branch that verges to decay.

v. 23. It has been suggested to me that *to crack and dry*, is not properly the effect of a more cold and damp atmosphere: *generally* it certainly is not; but in the present instance it is; for by impeding the flow of the sap, it deprives the bark, as well as the foliage, of its natural freshness and viridity, and gives it a dry, cracked, and leathery appearance.

v. 27. It was a maxim of the late Mr. Brown's, that every thing which indicated decay should be removed; and he accordingly destroyed in Blenheim park, and many other places, great numbers of the finest studies for art that nature ever produced. This maxim is, I believe, still followed by his successors in the trade or profession of taste; for in all the improved places that I have lately seen, I observe that the pruning goes on as unmercifully as ever; especially since Mr. Forsyth has invented a plaster, which is to produce new branches in lieu of the old ones that are cut away. Happily for picturesque beauty, I believe it does not succeed.

If years unnumber'd, or the lightning's stroke,
 Have bared the summit of the lofty oak, 30
 (Such as, to decorate some savage waste,
 Salvator's flying pencil often traced);
 Entire and sacred let the ruin stand,
 Nor fear the pruner's sacrilegious hand:
 But premature decay offends the eye, 35
 With symptoms of disease and poverty.

Choose, therefore, trees which nature's hand has sown
 In proper soils, and climates of their own;
 Or such as, by experience long approved,
 Are found adopted by the climes they loved: 40
 All other foreign plants with caution try,
 Nor aim at infinite variety.

As the quaint poets of fantastic times
 Dress'd one conceit in many different rhymes,

v. 43. Ariosto has concluded forty-five of his forty-six cantos with the same thought, differently expressed; and I have heard Italians cite this as a most extraordinary effort of a fertile and inventive genius; though they might just as reasonably extol the invention of an architect for making the capital of every column in an extensive building different.—*Quanto diversus ab illo, qui nihil molitur ineptè!*—Homer, as often as he has occasion to express the same thought, always does it in the same words: this, plain sense naturally dictates; and plain sense and good taste are very nearly allied in every thing.

And thought by tricks, which want of taste betray, 45
 Exuberance of fancy to display ;
 So the capricious planter often tries
 By quaint variety to cause surprise ;
 Collects of various trees a motley host,
 Natives of every clime and every coast ; 50
 Which, placed in chequer'd squares, alternate grow,
 And forms and colours unconnected show :
 Here blue Scotch firs with yellow plane trees join,
 There meagre larches rise, and fringe the line ;
 While scatter'd oaks and beeches sculk unseen, 55
 Nor dare expose their chaste and modest green.

O Harmony, once more from heaven descend !
 Mould the stiff lines, and the harsh colours blend ;
 Banish the formal fir's unsocial shade,
 And crop the aspiring larch's saucy head : 60
 Then Britain's genius to thy aid invoke,
 And spread around the rich, high-clustering oak :
 King of the woods ! whose towering branches trace
 Each form of majesty, and line of grace ;
 Whose giant arms, and high-imbower'd head, 65
 Deep masses round of clustering foliage spread,
 In various shapes projecting to the view,
 And clothed in tints of nature's richest hue ;—

Tints, that still vary with the varying year,
 And with new beauties every month appear; 70
 From the bright green of the first vernal bloom,
 To the deep brown of autumn's solemn gloom.
 Each single tree, too, differing from the rest,
 And in peculiar shades of verdure dress'd,
 Spreads a soft tinge of variegated green, 75
 Diffused, not scatter'd, o'er the waving scene.

Let then of oak your general masses rise,
 Where'er the soil its nutriment supplies:
 But if dry chalk and flints, or thirsty sand,
 Compose the substance of your barren land, 80
 Let the light beech its gay luxuriance shew,
 And o'er the hills its brilliant verdure strew:
 No tree more elegant its branches spreads;
 None o'er the turf a clearer shadow sheds;
 No foliage shines with more reflected lights; 85
 No stem more vary'd forms and tints unites:
 Now smooth, in even bark, aloft it shoots;
 Now bulging swells, fantastic as its roots;
 While flickering greens, with lightly scatter'd gray,
 Blend their soft colours, and around it play. 90

But though simplicity the mass pervade,
 In groups be gay variety display'd:

Let the rich lime-tree shade the broken mound,
 And the thin birch and hornbeam play around;
 Willows and alders overhang the stream, 95
 And quiver in the sun's reflected beam.
 Let the broad wyche your ample lawns divide,
 And whittey glitter up the mountain's side;
 The hardy whittey, that o'er Cambrian snows
 Beams its red glare, and in bleak winter glows: 100
 Let the light ash its wanton foliage spread
 Against the solemn oak's majestic head;
 And where the giant his high branches heaves,
 Loose chesnuts intermix their pointed leaves;
 While tufted thorns and hazels shoot below, 105
 And yews and hollies deep in shadow grow.

v. 93. Mr. Gilpin, in his Remarks on Forest Scenery, rejects the beech as heavy and formal; and those who judge of it from his drawings, will probably agree with him; but if they view it in the drawings of Claude (with whom it was a favourite tree), and then impartially examine it in nature, they will be apt to agree with me.

v. 99. The whittey, or mountain ash, grows in the highest and coldest situations, and is the last tree that we find in going up the Welch hills; where the lower class of people make a thin acid kind of beverage with its red berries fermented.

v. 105. Hazels, yews, and hollies grow in all soils, and under the shade of all other trees; and are therefore the best underwoods for this climate.

Oft too, the conic fir, or round-topp'd pine,
 In blended groups may happily combine;
 Or near projecting, with their sable dye
 Contrast the distance, and confine the eye. 110

But, lord supreme o'er all this formal race,
 The cedar claims pre-eminence of place;
 Like some great eastern king, it stands alone,
 Nor lets the ignoble crowd approach its throne,
 Spreads out its haughty boughs that scorn to bend, 115
 And bids its shade o'er spacious fields extend;
 While, in the compass of its wide domain,
 Heaven sheds its soft prolific showers in vain:
 Secure and shelter'd, every subject lies;
 But, robb'd of moisture, sickens, droops, and dies. 120

O image apt of man's despotic power!
 Which guards and shelters only to devour,
 Lifts high in air the splendours of its head,
 And bids its radiance o'er the nations spread;
 While round its feet in silent anguish lie 125
 Hunger, despair, and meagre misery.

v. 115. The cedar of Libanus, when old, extends its branches horizontally, one over another, so as to form a kind of roof, through which scarcely any rain can penetrate: being an evergreen, this shelter continues all the year, so that nothing will grow under it.

Of all deciduous trees, that, placed alone,
 Trust to no other merits than their own,
 The aged elm of stately growth should share,
 Next to the oak and beech, the planter's care: 130
 But, ah! how seldom is it seen to spread
 Around the native honours of its head,
 In how few instances, unmangled, bears
 The unsully'd glories of revolving years.

Unhappy tree! abandon'd and forlorn, 135
 To northern skies from climes congenial torn;
 In silent solitude condemn'd to pine,
 Divorced for ever from its wedded vine;
 And here, with mangled trunk, exposed and bare,
 Placed in the rigours of a wintery air, 140
 Of all its leafy honours stripp'd and shorn,
 No branches left to shelter or adorn;
 A poor, blank, solitary pole it stands,
 To show the naked misery of the lands!

O, all ye guardian powers of beauty, rise! 145
 And snatch the wretched ruin from our eyes;

v. 135. The elm is a native of the southern parts of Europe, and never bears seed in England; but is always propagated from layers, or scions, springing from the roots. There are varieties of them in this country, some of which are much superior to others, in the form and magnitude of their growth.

Save the young brood, that yet uninjured stand,
 And break the axe in the fell rustic's hand;
 Or, while aloft he aims the fatal blow,
 Hurl him down headlong to the fields below: 150
 Call avarice to your aid, and let it see
 Its loss of profit in the stinted tree;
 Count its slow growth, and tell for how much gold,
 Preserved entire, the timber might have sold.

Next to the elm, let either chesnut claim 155
 The place of honour, and the crown of fame:
 The one, with pointed foliage light and gay,
 Opening its quivering masses to the day;
 Whilst the other gloomy, with imbowering leaves,
 Aloft its dark and clustering summit heaves, 160
 Or under the tall oak, extends its shade,
 Excludes the sun, and deep imbrowns the glade:

v. 151. The barbarous custom of shredding the elms, in hedge-rows, quite to the top, is as injurious to property as to beauty, for the growth of the tree is considerably checked, and its health injured, at every shredding; as may be seen when the trunk is cut transversely. The circles, which mark the different years' growths, will then appear of different sizes, in proportion as the tree recovered its branches; the smallest being that of the year in which it was shredded, and the largest that which preceded each shredding.

v. 161. The horse chesnut bears shade better than any other large tree.

The one long since to classic climates known,
 Has learn'd the painter's mimic skill to own;
 And lightly brilliant from Salvator's hand, 165
 Diffused its charms o'er many a distant land:
 The other, in Tartarean forests born,
 And yet untaught the canvas to adorn,
 Demands in vain the honours of its place,
 And shows in vain its venerable grace. 170
 But, e'er again should art its glories raise,
 And emulate the pride of ancient days,
 In Britain's happiest scenes it oft may shine,
 And show the talents of some new Poussin.

v. 165. The Spanish chesnut, of which there is great plenty in every part of Italy, seems to be the tree which Salvator Rosa chiefly studied; though he sometimes appears to have copied the beech. He never aims at variety, but generally contents himself with one sort of tree only; varied in the forms of the trunks, and distribution of the foliage, which, with his taste and invention, produce as much diversity of effect as is ever wanting in the kind of scenes which he represents.

v. 174. Nicholas Poussin's trees are still more generalized; he never, that I know of, condescending to mark the distinctive characters of any individual species. His masses of foliage, however, in their general forms and richness, have often a near resemblance to those of the horse chesnut, though his touch never marks the particular forms of its leaves; nor, indeed, any forms at all like them. I do not mean to insinuate that the art of painting has not lately

When gay in summer's foliage, newly dress'd, 175
 The aged walnut shows its verdant vest,
 The first distinctions it may justly claim,
 And emulate the Iberian chesnut's fame;

made a great progress in those branches which have been cultivated and patronized; but since the death of Wilson, the higher style of landscape, here alluded to, has scarcely been attempted, and the encouragement which he met with was not the most flattering, though his pictures have sold well since his death. In the humbler style, Morland and Ibbetson have arrived at great excellence.

In the first edition, I called the horse chesnut, *American*, from an opinion which had slipped into my mind, without my being able to recollect from whence it came; though I am certain that I have heard the tree called so by nurserymen and gardeners; and being no botanist, I hastily took their vague tradition as authority. On applying however, through the medium of a friend, to a higher source of information (as high and respectable, I believe, as any that Europe can afford), I received the following account of it.

"The oldest account I can this instant recollect of the horse chesnut, is in
 "Clusius's *Historia rariorum aliquot Stirpium, per Pannoniam, Austriam, &c.*
 "observat. 8vo. Antwerp, 1583, who says, he received several plants in
 "January, 1576, from the Imperial ambassador at the Turkish court, all of
 "which died in their journey, except the *Prunus Lauro-cerasus*, and the *Cas-*
 "tanea equina, of which he gives figures. This is the first account of the now
 "common *Lauro-cerasus*. The horse chesnut had not, in 1583, flowered with
 "him; but he figures and describes the fruit sent him from Turkey. This
 "is the authority for its being called a native of the northern parts of Asia.
 "Gerard says it grows in Italy, and "sundry parts of the east countries."

But short's the time its leafy beauties last;
 Down all are swept by the first wintery blast: 180
 Then bare and desolate it spreads its arms,
 Deprived at once of all its boasted charms;
 And doom'd for many a weary month to mourn
 The tedious period of their slow return.

Poplars and sycamores alike display 185
 Their foliage fallen in premature decay;
 While no grand forms of trunk or branch supply
 The loss of beauties that untimely die:
 But yet our planters much the poplar prize,
 For its quick stately growth, and sudden size: 190
 And if for gain they plant, the reason's good;
 Since all they want is quantity of wood.
 But if, with beauty, they would charm the sight,
 Something is more required than size and height;
 Which shown in shapes, thus formal, thin, and tall,
 Make us regret they ever grew at all. 196

"I believe there is no authority for its coming from America; though an
 "undescrivable something in its *facies*, would lead a botanist, and perhaps a
 "painter, to *guess* it an American tree."

v. 179. The leaves of the walnut are among the last that appear in the
 spring, and the first that fall in the autumn.

The bright acacia, and the vivid plane,
 The rich laburnum with its golden chain;
 And all the variegated flowering race,
 That deck the garden, and the shrubbery grace, 200
 Should near to buildings, or to water grow,
 Where bright reflections beam with equal glow,
 And blending vivid tints with vivid light,
 The whole in brilliant harmony unite:
 E'en the bright floweret's tints will dim appear, 205
 When limpid waters foam and glitter near,
 And o'er their curling crystals sparkling play
 The clear reflections of meridian day;
 From buildings, too, strong refluent lights are thrown,
 When the sun downward shines upon the stone; 210
 Or on the windows darts its evening rays,
 And makes the glass with fire responsive blaze.

But better are these gaudy scenes display'd
 From the high terrace or rich balustrade;
 'Midst sculptured founts and vases, that diffuse, 215
 In shapes fantastic, their concordant hues;
 Than on the swelling slopes of waving ground,
 That now the solitary house surround.

Curse on the shrubbery's insipid scenes!
 Of tawdry fringe encircling vapid greens; 220

Where incongruities so well unite,
 That nothing can by accident be right;
 Thickets that neither shade nor shelter yield;
 Yet from the cooling breeze the senses shield:
 Prim gravel walks, through which we winding go
 In endless serpentines, that nothing show; 226

v. 219 to 234. I am surprised to find that this passage has been misunderstood, or rather misrepresented, to mean a general condemnation of shrubs and gravel walks (see *Monthly Review*, for May, 1794); and I cannot but think that every candid reader, who will connect it in his mind with the preceding parts of the poem, will readily perceive, that it is only aimed at the formal distribution of the one into regular curves and clumps, and the formal direction of the other into regular and unmeaning serpentines, that lead to no particular objects; but serve merely to show, in uniform succession, discordant masses of tawdry plants and shaven turf, alternately surrounding each other, and discriminated by the harsh edge of a pared border. Shrubs of all kinds, that suit the soil and climate, may serve as underwood, as well as thorns and hollies; and be properly introduced, wherever their forms and colours will accord with what is near to them. To the comforts of a clean, even, and easy walk, I do not recollect ever to have made or felt an objection: though it did not belong to my plan to give directions for producing those comforts; picturesque effect, and not domestic convenience and indulgence, being the subject which a writer on landscape is to consider. Whether the walk which leads to his scenery be of gravel, cinders, lime and sand, or any other material, is perfectly indifferent to him, provided its colour is not so harsh, and its limits so edgy, as to produce a marked discordant line, offen-

Till tired, I ask, *Why this eternal round?*
 And the pert gardener says, '*Tis pleasure ground.*
This pleasure ground! astonish'd, I exclaim,
To me Moorfields as well deserve the name: 230
 Nay, better; for in busy scenes at least
 Some odd varieties the eye may feast,
 Something more entertaining still be seen,
 Than red-hot gravel, fringed with tawdry green.
 O waft me hence to some neglected vale; 235
 Where, shelter'd, I may court the western gale;
 And, 'midst the gloom which native thickets shed,
 Hide from the noontide beams my aching head!
 For though in British woods no myrtles blow,
 Nor ripening citrons in our forests glow; 240
 Nor clustering vines extend the long festoon
 From tree to tree, to exclude the heats of noon;
 Nor spicy odours, from the mountains, breathe
 Their rich perfumes o'er fertile plains beneath;

sive to the eye. Let it only proceed in artless and irregular curves, and its
 sides be broken by an intermixture of the adjoining grass and mosses, with
 the smooth gravel, so that the line of separation may be rendered indistinct,
 and he does not care how smooth that gravel is. The comforts of cleanliness
 are perfectly consistent with picturesque beauty:—it is only affected neatness
 and glitter that is incompatible with it.

Yet climbing woodbines spread their blossoms sweet,
 And verdant eglantines the senses greet; 246
 Wild thorns and hollies overhang the steeps,
 And up the rocks the clustering ivy creeps.

Then no fell scorpions point their venom'd stings;
 No prowling tiger from the covert springs; 250
 No scaly serpent, in vast volumes roll'd,
 Darts on the unwary loiterer from his hold;
 But fleecy flocks o'er verdant pastures stray,
 And, heedless of the wolf, their gambols play;
 Light o'er the mountains trip the nimble deer, 255
 Nor dread the hungry lion lurking near.

Bless'd land!—though no soft tints of pearly hue
 Mellow the radiance of the morning dew,
 And melt the tender distance to the eye,
 In one clear tinge of vary'd harmony:— 260

v. 257. The beautiful pearly hue of the air in Italy, so happily imitated in the pictures of Claude, arises in a great measure from the putrid vapours, which in summer and autumn infect all the low parts of the southern provinces. To sleep in these vapours is almost certain death, especially to a foreigner. I remember an Englishman of rank in Sicily, who treated it as a prejudice, and in spite of every argument and persuasion that could be used to the contrary, passed a night in a fisherman's hut, on the borders of the lake of Lentini; but he waked in a putrid fever, and survived only thirty-six hours.

Yet, guiltless, autumn breathes its sultry breath,
 Nor taints the breezes with contagious death;
 No fen-suck'd vapours rise, and nightly shed
 Their deadly damps around the peasant's head;
 No poisonous reptiles o'er his pillow creep, 265
 Nor buzzing insects interrupt his sleep:
 Secure, at noon, he snores beneath the brake,
 Nor fears, diseased, with feverous pulse to wake;
 Nor e'er, at night, in restless anguish lies
 Amidst the hums of pestilential flies. 270

Here no dark gulfs of subterraneous fire,
 Dismay and terror through his fields inspire;
 Or, bursting forth, their molten torrents pour
 In blazing floods, and all his hopes devour;
 'Midst echoing shrieks of horror and affright, 275
 And the dim gleams that glimmer through the night.

No earthquakes here quick desolation spread,
 And show the mountains tottering on his head;

v. 265. Scorpions and centipedes often lurk in the mortises and holes of old bed-posts, or the crevices of decayed floors, in the south of Europe. The night-flies, or mosquitos, are an evil still more general, in all warm climates, and in many a most intolerable one; as whatever excludes them, stops the free circulation of the air, and renders the heat unsufferable.

Or yawning chasms, that cities whole entomb
 Deep in the earth's unfathomable womb. 280

Bless'd land! though vernal tempests often howl,
 And winter's watery clouds on summer scowl;
 Yet hence our brooks in even currents flow;
 Nor their parch'd beds in early autumn show;
 But ever full the verdant foliage lave, 285
 That hangs reflected o'er the glassy wave.

Hence, too, our trees, e'en to the mountain's brow,
 In full viridity of foliage grow;
 Nor mourn their shrivell'd roots, and wither'd bowers,
 When summer's suns exhale the vernal showers. 290

Hence, too, our pastures, rich in verdure, feed
 The rising vigour of the martial steed;
 With fatter juices make the milk-pail frothe,
 And the meek sheep with warmer fleeces clothe.

Hail native streams, that full yet limpid glide! 295
 Hail native woods, creation's boast and pride!
 Your native graces let the painter's art,
 And planter's skill, endeavour to impart;
 Nor vainly after distant beauties roam,
 Neglectful of the charms they leave at home. 300

Let soft Hesperia's variegated coast,
 Its vocal groves of pine and ilex boast;

See, on the beach, rich myrtle thickets shoot;
 And orange bowers nod with golden fruit;
 There, too, let mimic art employ its toil 305
 To imitate the products of the soil;
 But here, on the same principle, bestow
 Its skill on things, which here spontaneous grow;
 Nor, placed beneath our cool and watery sky,
 Attempt the glowing tints of Italy: 310
 For thus compell'd in memory to confide,
 Or blindly follow some preceding guide,
 One common beaten track it still pursues,
 And crudely copies what it never views;
 Manner'd and harsh, yet uniform and tame, 315
 And whatsoe'er its subject, still the same.

In every clime where heaven's all-cheering light
 Succeeds alternate to the glooms of night,
 Some happy times or seasons will supply
 Soft gleams of beauty to the painter's eye. 320

v. 301. There being no tides in the Mediterranean, thickets of myrtle
 overspread the sands; and gardens of orange trees often appear close to
 the shore. On the Roman and Tuscan coasts, too, are large woods of pine
 and ilex, in which the sea breezes sound with peculiar shrillness; the
 thin leaf of the pine producing a sort of whistle, as it divides the currents of
 the air.

What brilliance e'en in Belgian skies appears,
 Touch'd by the silvery pencil of Teniers!
 How clear, in Vandervelde, the seas that roll
 Near to the circle of the arctic pole!

E'en where impenetrable darkness shrouds 325
 One half the year in thick cimmerician clouds;
 While the other beams upon the weary'd sight
 One dazzling glare of never-ceasing light;
 Through all the slow increase, and slow decay
 Of the long annual night, and annual day; 330
 Pale twilight glimmers grateful to the eye,
 And wraps the scene in sober harmony;
 While each harsh line, or glittering colour fades,
 Tinged in soft hues and light transparent shades.

Cool shades! unknown to hot meridian skies, 335
 Where day and night in close succession rise,
 And sudden darkness follows the last rays
 That o'er the sun-burnt sands retreating blaze;
 But which, on Holland's damp and marshy downs,
 To Rembrandt's view display'd their mellow browns;
 And as the cold, bare scenes his pencil traced, 341
 With gleams of beauty cheer'd the dreary waste.

v. 339. Rembrandt appears to have been the first who attempted to paint the twilight, and he is certainly the last who has done it with success.

But not in tints of air or skies alone,
 Has every country blessings of its own:
 Nature still just, her good and evil blends, 345
 And where she errs, fancy the error mends.
 No state or clime's so bad, but that the mind,
 Form'd to enjoy content, content will find.

See on Kamtschatka's ever dreary coast,
 The alternate prey of deluge, fire, and frost, 350
 The native, bury'd in his winter's grave,
 Applauds the stench and darkness of the cave;
 Eats his dry'd fish with all a glutton's glee,
 And thinks the bramble's fruit a luxury;

Perhaps his drawings, which were sketched from nature, at hours when he could no longer see to paint, express it more happily than his pictures: though hastily executed, and without any choice of subject; he having drawn whatever presented itself to his view, and trusted entirely to light and shade for effect.

v. 349. No part of Kamtschatka will ripen wheat, and very few parts any farinaceous grain whatever.—The general food of the inhabitants is dried fish and berries. The country is torn by volcanoes, earthquakes, and hurricanes; and so cold, during seven months, that they live underground; and so wet during the other five, that they are obliged to raise their huts upon stages of wood. The snow lies till the middle of May, even in the lower parts, from six to eight feet deep; and of course, when thawed, produces a continued deluge, till it begins to accumulate again in October. Yet these people assured M. Steller, that *they were the most favoured of God's*

With grateful heart his bounteous God adores, 355
 Who sends the salmon yearly to his shores ;
 Who melts with showers the gathering piles of snow,
 And bids red berries o'er the desert glow.
 Of all the happiness, he knows, possess'd,
 He feels no envious wish corrode his breast ; 360
 While nature on his humble lot bestows
 All that he wants, in plenty and repose:
 Sleep lightly waves its poppies o'er his head ;
 And love, with fancy'd roses, decks his bed :
 Tranquil, he vegetates his life away ; 365
 And knows no evil, but its swift decay.

Still less can moral good or ill supply
 Just cause for happiness or misery :
 The good is oft but physical defect,
 The negative result of cold neglect ; 370
 And partial ill, if rightly understood,
 Is oft redundancy of general good.

creatures ; the most fortunate and happy of beings ; and that their country was superior to all others, affording means of gratification far beyond what were any where else to be met with. See Capt. King's Voyage, Book vi. c. 7.

v. 356. Vast shoals of salmon swim up all the rivers, from the middle of May to the end of September, during which time the Kamtschadales catch a sufficient quantity to dry for their winter's consumption. Ibid.

Even its last excess, the despot's chain,
 Is oft a curb worse evils to restrain;
 For few (alas, how few!) amongst us know 375
 To use the blessings, that from freedom flow.

As the dull, stagnant pool, that's mantled o'er
 With the green weeds of its own muddy shore,
 No bright reflections on its surface shows,
 Nor murmuring surge, nor foaming ripple knows; 380
 But ever peaceful, motionless, and dead,
 In one smooth sheet its torpid waters spread:
 So by oppression's iron hand confined,
 In calm and peaceful torpor sleep mankind;
 Unfelt the rays of genius, that inflame 385
 The free-born soul, and bid it pant for fame.

But break the mound, and let the waters flow;
 Headlong and fierce their turbid currents go;
 Sweep down the fences, and tear up the soil;
 And roar along, 'midst havock, waste, and spoil; 390
 Till spent their fury:—then their moisture feeds
 The deepening verdure of the fertile meads;
 Bids vernal flowers the fragrant turf adorn,
 And rising juices swell the wavy corn:
 So when rebellion breaks the despot's chain, 395
 First wasteful ruin marks the rabble's reign;

Till tired their fury, and their vengeance spent,
 One common interest bids their hearts relent;
 Then temperate order from confusion springs,
 And, fann'd by freedom, genius spreads its wings. 400

What heart so savage, but must now deplore
 The tides of blood that flow on Gallia's shore!
 What eye, but drops the unavailing tear
 On the mild monarch's melancholy bier!
 Who weeps not o'er the damp and dreary cell, 405
 Where fallen majesty is doom'd to dwell;
 Where waning beauty, in the dungeon's gloom,
 Feels, yet alive, the horrors of the tomb!
 Of all her former state no traces left,
 But e'en of nature's common needs bereft; 410
 Through days of solitude, and nights of woe,
 Which, hopeless still, in long succession flow,
 She counts the moments, till the rabble's hate
 Shall drag their victim to her welcome fate!

Yet, from these horrors, future times may see 415
 Just order spring, and genuine liberty:

v. 405. This was written in September last (1793), when the late most unfortunate Queen of France was confined in a cell of the Conciergerie at Paris: and though it was then very generally expected that she would be murdered; few, I believe, imagined that her sufferings would be closed so soon.

Split into many states the power that hurl'd,
 So oft, destruction o'er the affrighted world;
 May hence ambition's wasteful folly cease,
 And cultivate alone the happy arts of peace. 420

v. 415. The revolution that has taken place in France, is an event quite new in the history of civilized man, and therefore all conjectures concerning the ultimate consequences of it, must be vague and unsatisfactory. The expulsion of the higher orders of society by the lower frequently happened in the little republics of Greece; but those revolutions were upon too small a scale to afford any analogies, by which we may judge of the present great convulsion. In one important point only there appears a strong resemblance. It was not, as Thucydides observes, either the most numerous or most able party that prevailed, but invariably the most weak and stupid; which, conscious of its inability to contend openly for superiority, proceeded immediately to murders and proscriptions, and oppressed their adversaries before they were prepared to resist.

When the lines in the text were written, Lyons, Marseilles, and La Vendée were in a state of open rebellion against the Convention, and many other cities and provinces ready to set up the standard of revolt, if they could have been supported by any external assistance, which, to the amazement of every one not initiated into the secrets of war and government, was never granted them by any of the numerous powers that are combined to subvert the domination of their tyrants. Since that time the troops of the Convention have subdued and massacred all their opponents, and established a sort of military democratic despotism, the most tyrannical, sanguinary, and

atrocious, that ever desolated the human race. The only government in history which has any resemblance to it, is that which prevailed in the Roman empire, from the reign of Septimius Severus to that of Diocletian; and which, in a period of not quite seventy years, proved fatal to more than twenty princes; reduced the population and resources of the empire to about one half of what they were before; and by destroying all taste for elegant art and polite literature, prepared the world for that great revolution in laws, manners, and religion, which soon after took place. Severus, in order to protect the sovereign power from the ambition of the provincial commanders, or the violence of the provincial armies, increased the number and pay of the prætorian guards; and instead of levying them from the peasantry of Italy, or the populace of Rome, drafted them from the bravest and stoutest of the distant legionaries; but as these drafted recruits kept up a correspondence with their former comrades, they soon became agents for the armies which they had left, and a general association of the soldiery against their sovereign and their officers took place over the whole empire, of which the prætorian camp was the centre. Corresponding clubs and committees were formed; and every commander, who endeavoured to enforce discipline, or protect the persons and properties of the provincials from violence, was hunted down as an enemy to the common cause. See Dion Cassius, lib. LXXX, who was himself in this predicament; the prætorians having demanded his head of the emperor Alexander Severus, on account of the attempts which he had made to restore discipline in the army, which he had commanded in Pannonia; and it was with great difficulty that either the authority or entreaties of that amiable prince could save him.

The armed rabble which now govern and lay waste France, under the directions of the different clubs established in every part of that country, and concentrated in Paris, may yet proceed for many years in their career of pillage and extermination; but when depopulation and ruin are advanced to a

certain extent, the constituent communities will become too thinly scattered, to hold together of their own accord, and must either divide into separate states, or submit to some external force. Even a Jacobin republic could not subsist in Siberia; and, if the present measures continue, France, in less than half a century, will become as desolate as Siberia. It is possible, nevertheless, that Paris may become a military republic, with the other departments under its control (as they now are in effect); and in that case let Europe tremble: depopulation, and diminution of internal resources, will then rather stimulate than impede conquest, as they did in Rome, which conquered the world during the most rapid decline of the population and resources of Italy; but the energy of her discipline enabled her not only to strain every sinew of her own strength, but immediately to appropriate and incorporate the strength of those whom she had exhausted her own in subduing; so that every conquest became the means of another. Should the excessive rigour, and sanguinary severity of the present government in France, become systematic and permanent, and take a military turn, it will be formidable indeed, and endanger the very existence of civilized society; for among nations, as among individuals, those who hold their own existence in contempt, have the existence of others at their command. Polybius says, that a Roman soldier never quitted his post, because he was sure to be punished with death if he did; and we learn from several atrocious instances, that the number of the offenders never gave an individual a chance of escaping; many hundreds being often put to death at a time. The French seem at present to be as little susceptible of any *compunctious visitings of nature* as the Romans were; and when there is no alternative but victory between a bullet and the guillotine, their soldiers will be apt to prefer the chance of the former to the certainty of the latter; and, consequently, to fight with extreme obstinacy and ferocity.

As far as a mere observer may venture to form an opinion concerning the

measures of ministers and generals, whose circumstances and situations he cannot possibly understand, the present war, as it has been hitherto conducted, is exactly calculated to produce this effect; and consequently to co-operate with the views of the sanguinary rulers of Paris, who excited it. By not avowing their intentions, the allied powers withhold all security from the well-disposed among the French, as to what may be the consequence of their success; whether a mere restitution of order, a division into separate independent states, or a partition among themselves; and it cannot be denied that both the late transactions in Poland, and the points to which they direct their attacks, strongly favour the last supposition; which, if prevalent in France, must ever consolidate the bulk of the nation against them, in spite of all the calamities suffered from internal tyranny. Individuals, however, might be induced to purchase their own safety, by delivering up the towns and armies with which they are intrusted by their sanguinary and capricious despots; but, unfortunately, the treatment which La Fayette, Dumourier, &c. have experienced, will effectually deter any one from following their examples; for when the only alternatives are the *certainty* of a dungeon in Germany on one side, or the *probability* of the guillotine at Paris on the other, every man who has either sense or courage will, without hesitation, prefer the latter.

When a thief once complained of the hardship and injustice of being hanged for stealing a horse of small value, the worthy judge who condemned him observed, *that he was not to be hanged for stealing a horse, but to prevent horses from being stolen.* Happy would it be for mankind, if this excellent observation were to guide the decisions of all who have the power to punish. In the instance above cited it is exactly reversed: a poor fugitive being punished by the most rigorous imprisonment, not to prevent others from imitating his crimes (for the whole nation was previously implicated), but to deter them from participating in his repentance, and force them on in the

career of their wickedness. Even the author of evil is said to incite men by transient pleasures to the commission of those sins, for which he afterwards eternally torments them; but to enforce damnation by pains and penalties, and thus to make destruction at once the means and the end, shows a degree of refined malignity, which neither faith nor fiction have yet ventured to attribute to the Devil.

From this instance of private passion triumphing over public policy, there is but too much reason to apprehend that it will do so in others; and that we shall see a sordid lust of dominion, and a paltry ambition of extending their frontiers, influencing the conduct of princes, at a moment when their thrones are sinking under them, and the whole fabric of civil society is tottering round them: let them however remember, before it is too late, that if one side makes the war, a war of *kings*, the other will make it a war of *peoples*; and in such a contest, the *many* will prevail every where against the *few*; but let them make it (what it really is, and ought solely to be) a war of civilization and order, against barbarism and anarchy, and every man who values the blessings of civilization and order, will go heart and hand with them. Direct force will, nevertheless, be found inadequate to repel the overwhelming weight of the torrent, unless means be found to divide the current, and make one part of it counteract the other. Had there been one great statesman employed in Europe, this must have been done before now; but the race of great statesmen seems to be either extinct or out of fashion; and instead of them, we have now crowds of courtiers, sophists, and declaimers, whose talents bear the same proportion to those of great statesmen, as the accomplishments of a good drill serjeant to those of an able general.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

BEFORE I take leave of Mr. Repton, who has so gallantly stood forth the champion of the present system of rural decoration, I beg to assure him that whatever contempt I may have expressed in the course of my supplementary remarks to this Edition, of his professional principles and opinions, I most sincerely return the compliment, which he has been so obliging as to pay me in his Letter to Mr. Price; and furthermore to inform him, that I had not only great pleasure in his conversation, but conceived from it a much higher idea of those professional principles and opinions, than I have found verified in his works.

My acquaintance with him commenced many years ago, on his being employed to lay out a small, but romantic place, near to my own, in the fate of which I was of course much interested, and consequently dreaded the approach of a professed improver. When, however, I found that improver to be a man of liberal education, conversant (in some degree at least) with almost every branch of polite literature, and skilled in the art of design, which he executed with equal taste and facility, my fears were suddenly changed into the most pleasing expectations, which were still heightened and confirmed when I heard him launch out in praise of picturesque scenery, and declare that he had sought the principles of his art, not in the works of Kent or Brown, but in those of the great landscape painters; whose different styles

he professed to have studied with care and attention, in order to employ them as occasion required, and thus to merit the new title which he had assumed, of *Landscape Gardener*.

It had long been my favourite wish that such a person would apply himself to this profession, and rescue it from the hands of mere gardeners, nurserymen, and mechanics; and when I found this favourite wish so unexpectedly gratified, my exultation was such, that I immediately communicated it to Mr. Price, and others of my friends, whom I knew to be equally interested in the cause of picturesque beauty. But alas! my triumph was of short duration:—the plans of improvement which he produced for the place abovementioned instantly undeceived me; and he will do me the justice to allow, that I did not, through any affected delicacy, or hypocritical politeness, conceal my disappointment from him; but when he did me the honour to consult me on his plans, communicated to him in writing my disapprobation of the greatest part of what he proposed doing, in as plain terms as common civility would admit of, and founded on such reasons as had guided me in all my own works of this kind. He will also recollect that he then declared himself to be convinced by these reasons, such as they were; and that he furthermore did me the honour (and I really esteem it as such) of requesting my assistance in reviewing the ground, and forming a plan more suitable to its natural character; with which request I should have been, on all accounts, happy to comply, but the sudden death of the owner put an entire stop to the business.

Since that time I have not had the pleasure of much of Mr. Repton's conversation; but I have had the misfortune to see many of his performances designed and executed exactly after Mr. Brown's receipt, without any attention to the natural, or artificial character of the country, or the style of the place. In his Letter, too, to Mr. Price, he has avowedly become the patron and defender of this system, and professedly abandoned the school of the

painter for that of the gardener; he having, as he says, *found, after mature consideration, and more practical experience, that there is not so great an affinity betwixt painting and gardening as his enthusiasm for the picturesque had originally led him to fancy* (p. 5.) I, it seems, had the good fortune first to enjoy his conversation, when this original enthusiasm for the picturesque was in its full vigour; and the ill fortune to become first acquainted with his works just as it was gone off, and he was animated with all the zeal of a new proselyte for the adverse system. In some respects, however, he has deviated from both; for I believe he is the first who ever thought of giving grandeur of character to a place, by hanging the family arms of the proprietor on the sign-post of a neighbouring inn, or emblazoning them on the neighbouring milestones (I beg pardon), I should say, *stones with distances upon them*. Neither Mr. Brown, nor any of the tasteless herd of his followers, ever thought of this happy expedient; though there is in the Spectator a story of an improving publican, who put the portrait of his old master Sir Roger de Coverley upon his sign, which may derogate from its claim to originality. The old knight, however, it is added (knowing nothing I suppose of the true principles of grandeur and sublimity), thought it tended more to throw ridicule on his person than give dignity to his possessions, and therefore had it turned into a Saracen's head: but this is supposed to have happened in a barbarous age of the art, when all its modern wonders of clumps, belts, and shrubberies were unknown.

I do not mean at present to enter into any further detailed criticisms of any particular performances, either of Mr. Brown or Mr. Repton, whatever I may do hereafter; for I still maintain, that the avowed principles and practice of every public professor, who devotes his talents to the public for pay, whether he professes law, medicine, painting, or gardening, are proper subjects for public discussion; nor can I consider the written opinion, for which the lawyer has received a fee, or the plan and explanation, for which the

landscape gardener has been paid his bill, as private manuscripts, belonging to their respective authors, and which it is therefore unfair to quote.

I assure Mr. Repton, however, that I will never follow the example which he has set, in his Letter to Mr. Price, of endeavouring to involve speculative differences of opinion, upon subjects of mere elegant amusement, with the nearest and dearest interests of humanity; and thus to engage the popular passions of the times in a dispute, which I am certain that he, as well as every other candid and liberal man, will, upon more mature reflection, wish to keep entirely free from them. To say that his own system of rural embellishment resembles the British constitution, and that Mr. Price's and mine resemble the Democratic tyranny of France, is a species of argument which any person may employ, on any occasion, without being at any expence either of sense or science; whence it has been the constant weapon of controversy with those who have no other.

Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son roi;

Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.

Could I presume that he would take my advice on a general principle, as he once did in a particular application of his art, we might yet avoid any further difference; and I assure him, that I do not mean (as advisers generally do) to impose my own opinions upon him, and bid him renounce his own; but merely to recommend to him the renewal of a course of study, which I fear he abandoned before he had made much progress in it. Let him for a while quit the school of Mr. Brown, and return to that of the great masters in landscape painting, whose lessons will not make such a savage of him as he seems to apprehend, nor teach him to injure either the health, comfort, or convenience of himself or his employers (see Letter to Mr. Price, p. 6.) Picturesque circumstances, as I can prove to him by many examples, may be preserved even close to a house, without sacrificing, or even diminishing, the *health* (I suppose he means *healthiness*), *cheerfulness*, or *comfort of a country*

residence (ibid. p. 5 and 6.); and walks perfectly clean and commodious may be made through the wildest forest scenery, without derogating at all from its natural character. I will even go farther; and assert that there is scarcely any external circumstance, which can contribute to the convenience of a dwelling, but may at the same time be so contrived as to be a real embellishment. Even the straight walls, alleys, and espaliers of a kitchen garden, may be so disposed as to have such an effect. At Arundel castle, there is one within the peribolus of that venerable structure, which certainly adds to its picturesque beauty; and it was with the utmost pleasure that I learned that the noble proprietor had, with that genuine good taste which soars above all local and temporary fashions, determined to preserve it amidst the extensive alterations and improvements which he is now making there. Even Mr. Repton, before he had entirely abandoned the school of the painters for that of Mr. Brown, appears to have agreed with me on this point. The place above-mentioned, which he was employed to lay out in my neighbourhood, is situated on an eminence, commanding a very rich distance, terminated by bold and high mountains; but in the front of the house is a kitchen garden, bounded by a common, over which the proprietor had no power, it being in a different manor. Mr. Brown, in this case, would have turned the garden into a little lawn, surrounded by a sunk fence, a belt of low shrubs, and a serpentine gravel walk; and, if permission could have been obtained for more extensive improvements, would have cleared the common of its fern and heath, and have dotted it with clumps. Mr. Repton, at that time, acted upon better principles, at least in this instance, and therefore determined to let the old garden remain; justly observing, that it served better both as a skreen to the common, and a foreground to the distance, than any thing which he could substitute in so limited a space. Whether his taste has been since vitiated by habit, or whether he found by experience that the public taste had been previously so vitiated, that professional prudence obliged him

to comply with it, I shall not presume to inquire : his Letter to Mr. Price seems to imply the former ; but the reception which his plans of this place met with from the proprietor, incline me to suspect the latter. The preservation of the kitchen garden, though the only part of them which would have pleased a landscape painter, was the only part which did not please that gentleman ; who, though a man of sense and information, had never turned his attention to the subject, and therefore only employed an improver, to be like the rest of the world, and have his grounds laid out in the newest fashion ; according to which, he knew that the kitchen garden ought to be remote, or at least concealed from the house.

Though in writing upon landscape, I have confined my remarks to picturesque decoration, I agree with Mr. Repton, that it is the business of a practical landscape gardener to exercise his profession upon a more enlarged plan, and to take domestic convenience as well as rural embellishment into his consideration. He must therefore, in order to be perfect in it, join the taste of the artist to the skill of the mechanic ; but as he also justly observes, and as has often been justly observed before, *a little knowledge is a dangerous thing* : it engenders conceit and pedantry, and makes men arrogant in the display of what they neither know the principles nor the use. I remember a country clockmaker, who being employed to clean a more complex machine than he had been accustomed to, very confidently took it to pieces ; but finding, when he came to put it together again, some wheels of which he could not discover the use, very discreetly carried them off in his pocket. The simple artifice of this prudent mechanic always recurs to my mind, when I observe the manner in which our modern improvers repair and embellish old places : not knowing how to employ the terraces, mounds, avenues, and other features which they find there, they take them all away, and cover the places which they occupied with turf. It is a short and easy method of proceeding ; and if their employers will be satisfied with it, they are not to be blamed for per-

severing in it, as it may be executed by proxy as well as in person; and, like Dr. Sangrado's system of physic, be learned in an hour as completely as in an age, and be applied to all cases as skilfully and effectually by the common labourer or journeyman, as by the great professor himself. All that I entreat is, that they will not at this time, when men's minds are so full of plots and conspiracies, endeavour to find analogies between picturesque composition and political confusion; or suppose that the preservation of trees and terraces has any connection with the destruction of states and kingdoms.

